

COUNTRY LIFE

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4127/1454

WILTS AND GLOS BORDERS
SALISBURY GLOSSOP ALBANY

DECEMBER 28, 1945

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

CHECKED: 84

OXON AND BERKS BORDERS

700 ft. up, facing South-west with panoramic views.

MODERN RESIDENCE, erected in 1905 in the Tudor style of mellowed stone and with stone mullioned and transomed windows, has had many thousand pounds expended upon it since 1931.

It stands on the crown of the Chiltern Hills, is approached through a long drive, and has the following accommodation: halls, lounge, 4 reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms and 5 bathrooms.

Central heating. Electric light. Telephone. Good water supply. Septic tank drainage.



Stabling. Garages for 7-8 with rooms over. Farmery. Cottages.

FINE PLEASURE GROUNDS with crazy paved walks, wild grounds interspersed with rare rock gardens and beds, yew hedges, hard tennis court, tennis and croquet lawns, summer house, kitchen garden, greenhouse, beechwood, pasture and arable land, and paddocks. Water is laid on to every field. Golf. Hunting and Rough Shooting.

About 435 ACRES TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (22,395)

WILTS AND GLOS BORDERS

Adjoining a Village about 2 1/2 miles from a Market Town.

Occupying a choice situation on an eminence about 320 feet above sea level on limestone soil, facing south-east.

The Manor House styled residence is erected of local stone and is approached by two drives, one an avenue with Lodge at entrance. 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.



Companies' electric light and water. Central heating. Main drainage.

Stabling for 10. Garages (heated) for 6 cars.

THE GROUNDS include two terraced gardens, ornamental water fed by a spring, 2 hard tennis courts, kitchen garden, orchard and parkland, Home Farm with Farmhouse, 5 cottages all with baths.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 170 ACRES

The house would be sold with less land. Hunting. Polo.

Agents: Messrs. RYLANDS & CO., 48, Dyer Street, Cirencester; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (41,869)

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

WEST KENT—LONDON 27 MILES

Between Sevenoaks and Tonbridge. Close to Village, Bus Services and Churches

Occupying a choice situation about 275 feet up on a light soil facing South with panoramic views.

The well appointed modern red brick and tiled residence is approached by a drive with lodge (4 rooms and bathroom).

Oak-panelled lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9-10 bed and dressing rooms (8 with basins), 4 bathrooms. Kitchen with Euse cooker.

Companies' electric light, power and water. Central heating.



Telephone with extensions. Modern drainage.

Gardener's cottage of 5 rooms and bathroom. Stabling, garages and excellent outbuildings.

THE WELL TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

lawns for tennis courts and putting course, herbaceous borders, ornamental pond, well stocked kitchen garden, parklike pasture land of about 27 acres and about 15 acres of woodland which is a feature of the property.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 50 ACRES Golf. Hunting. Shooting.

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (20,801)

Mayfair 2771
(16 Lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegram: Galleries, Woods, London



JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

8, HANOVER STREET, W.I.

MAYFAIR 3316/7

CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334). AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, YEOVIL AND CHICHESTER

40 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON



A BEAUTIFUL QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

Occupying a magnificent position. Close to Main Line Station.

15 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, good offices.

CO.'S ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING.

SMALL FARMERY. NUMEROUS COTTAGES.

ABOUT 200 ACRES

FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION, MAY 31, 1946

Sole Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.I.

MAUGERSBURY MANOR STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, GLOS. CHARMING JACOBINE COUNTRY MANOR

3 reception rooms, billiards room, 6 principal bedrooms, nursery suite. Ample domestic offices.

WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN, 6 LODGE BOXES, GARAGES FOR 5 CARS. Approached by a long carriage drive and surrounded by Park-like grounds and commanding extensive views.

Also a SECONDARY HOUSE, LODGE AND 3 COTTAGES.

IN ALL ABOUT 102 ACRES
PRICE, FREEHOLD £25,000

Agents: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester. In conjunction with Messrs. CARTER JONES & SONS, 11, King Edward Street, Oxford. (Folio 8020)

TO BE SOLD WITH POSSESSION ONE MILE FROM CHIPPENHAM.

1½ hours main line to London by railway.

Hunting with Beaufort, ample stabling.

A SUPERBLY BUILT COUNTRY HOUSE

Designed by Sir Harold Brinsford, containing lounge hall, drawing room, billiard room, study and dining room. Fourteen principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms. Five bathrooms. Company's electricity, gas and water. Central heating and excellent drainage.

GARAGE FOR 6 CARS WITH PETROL PUMP
SQUASH COURT AND TWO HARD TENNIS COURTS.

Land up to about 45 ACRES.

FIVE EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Cirencester (Tel. 334.)

IN A FAVOURITE VILLAGE NEAR KETTERING.

OLD MANOR

3 reception rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Co.'s electric light. Central heating.

COTTAGE, GARAGE AND STABLING.

ATTRACTIVE GARDEN, PADDOCKS.

25 ACRES

FOR SALE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Agents: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton.

EAST HAMPSHIRE.

In a pleasant small country town within a few miles of the coast

A WELL-FOUNDED RESIDENCE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER

3 reception rooms, cloakroom, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Modern domestic office. TELEPHONE. ALL MAIN SERVICES.

CHARMING WALLED GARDEN. GARAGE

PRICE, FREEHOLD £6,000

Details of JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Land Agents, 37, South Street, Chichester (Tel. 3443).

SOMERSET

Near the Devon Border, Wellington 4 miles. Taunton 10, Exeter 21.

The LOVELY MEDIAEVAL HOUSE, GREENHAM BARTON, dating from 1403

WELL PRESERVED AND SYMPATHETICALLY RESTORED, YET RETAINING OF OUR ENGLISH COUNTRY HERITAGE

Containing SMALL GOTHIC TOWER, INNER HALL, GREAT HALL (or banquet hall), drawing room, dining room, solar and 4 smaller bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 2 secondary bedrooms, compact domestic offices.

CENTURIES OLD GARDENS, ORCHARDS, STABLING AND GARAGE BLOCK.

LUSH PASTURES, 42 ACRES

Described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, September 9, 1933.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY

Illustrated Particulars and Plan (2s. per copy) from JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Handford, Yeovil (Tel. 1088/7), and 8, Hanover Street, London, W.I.Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS

2 miles Bourton-on-the-Water. Cheltenham 14 miles.

A FINE ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE

Subject of a special article in COUNTRY LIFE.

MANY INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE 16th CENTURY

12 bedrooms, 8 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.

STABLING, GARAGES, FARM BUILDINGS, 2 COTTAGES.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING. WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.

20 ACRES

Trout Fishing

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

EARLY POSSESSION



Owner's Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

UNDER 35 MILES SOUTH WEST OF LONDON.

In the heart of the Pine and Heather Country. Within easy reach of three Southern Railway stations. Fast trains to London.

Occupying a choice position about 250 feet up, on steady soil, facing South and West. The Residence, which is substantially built of red brick, half timbering and tiled roof, is situated in the centre of the property and is approached by a drive of 150 yards.

Halls, 4 reception rooms,
13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Electric light. Telephone with extension. Companies' gas and water. Separate hot water system. Main drainage.



Changes for 3 large cars. Chauffeur's accommodation of 5 rooms.

2 modern cottages, each containing 3 bedrooms, bath, sitting room and kitchen.

The Gardens and grounds include winter-springing lawns, tennis and croquet lawns with numerous trees enclosed by woodland. Fruit and vegetable gardens. Orchard.

LAKE OF 8½ ACRES AFFORDING EXCELLENT BATHING, BOATING AND COARSE FISHING

Woodland and arable land.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, with about 12½ ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION OF WHOLE ON COMPLETION. Golf. Hunting.

Owner's Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (41,372)

PEEBLES-SHIRE.

Queen Anne Residence, Lodge and 5 acres for sale.



PRICE £15,000

Proprietor's Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY,
20, Hanover Square, W.1. (42,023)

Mayfair 3771
(10 lines)

HANTS, SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

Hastlemere Station 3½ miles (London 1 hour). Near bus route. Secluded situation, 450 feet up on gravel soil. Excellent views. FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

A small residential estate with an attractive old-fashioned country house completely encircled in 1800, built of brick and stone partly modern and overgrown. Two drives. Accommodation on two floors only: Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms (all with light), bath, dressing room, 2 other bathrooms.

Central heating and domestic hot water from automatic boiler. Main electric light, power and water. Garages for 4 cars. Stable. Cottage. Grounds planned for easy upkeep. Lawns, flower beds, herbaceous borders, shrubs, garden, orchard, site for tennis court. Fine mature trees including oak, ash and pine. 3 fields.

TOTAL about 16½ ACRES

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (25,092)

"Galleries, Wexley, London."

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Regent 0893/3377
Reading 4441

NICHOLAS

(Established 1833)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1; 1, STATION ROAD, READING.

By direction of Miss Pamela Massey-Colwyn.

BOURTON HILL HOUSE, MORETON-IN-MARSH, GLOS

In the heart of the glorious Cotswolds.

THIS WELL-KNOWN RESIDENCE AND TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT

NESTLING IN A FOLD OF THE HILLS WITH GALLOPS OVER THE FAMOUS BOURTON DOWNS

comprising

with 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, and 3 reception rooms. Domestic offices with "Aga" cooker, 2 staircases.

FIRST-CLASS STABLES OF 25-30 LOOSE BOXES, GARAGE, EXCELLENT FARM BUILDINGS. TWO FIRST-CLASS MODERN COTTAGES, EACH WITH BATHROOM. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT FROM OWN PLANT.

THE GALLOPS COMPRIZE 2 STRAIGHT MILES, A 2½ MILE ROUND, A FIVE-FURLONG AND A FOUR-FURLONG.

THE AGRICULTURAL LAND IS OF EXCELLENT QUALITY AND THE PROPERTY HAS A TOTAL AREA

OF 393½ ACRES. VACANT POSSESSION

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION EARLY IN THE NEW YEAR UNLESS SOLD PRIVATELY IN THE MEANWHILE

Solicitors: Messrs. WYTHAM & Co., 11, Ashley Place, Westminister, S.W.1. Auctioneers: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1

Telegrams:
"Nicholson, Piccadilly, London."
"Nicholas, Reading."

44, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1

By direction of Trustees.

NORTHDOWN, HEATHFIELD, SUSSEX.

¾ mile from Heathfield Station, 13 miles from Tunbridge Wells, and 16 miles from Eastbourne.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION AT THE LONDON AUCTION MARKET, 155, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4, ON TUESDAY, 15 FEBRUARY 1946, AT 2.30 P.M. AS A WHOLE OR IN LOTS AS UNDER

LOT 1.—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY RESIDENCE, with cottage, stables, grounds (with hard tennis court), and paddock of nearly 9 ACRES (Vacant Possession).

LOT 2.—The adjoining AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, "TANYARD FARM", with farmhouse building and 21 ACRES (inc.)

LOT 3.—SUPERIOR BUNGALOW, "COOLEM", with near 2 ACRES (inc.)

LOT 4.—A choice ENCLOSURE of about 2 ACRES, with 500 ft. frontage to main road (let with farm).

Accommodation of Lot 1 comprises: Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. All main services. The grounds are particularly nice and well timbered.

Illustrated particulars with plan (2/-) may be had from the Solicitors Messrs. C. E. Swain & Son, Heathfield, Sussex, and from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1; or Messrs. E. WATSON & SONS, Heathfield, Sussex.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

SOMERSET.

50 ACRES 3 COTTAGES



Hall and 4 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, 4 sitting, 4 bathrooms. Main electricity and power. Central heating, stabling and garage. Well-timbered grounds and excellent pasture. Inspected, and thoroughly recommended by the Sole Agents: Messrs. STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. L.R.10/603

By direction of Trustees.

FRESHAM HOUSE, NEAR BRACKLEY, NORTHANTS.

Close to the village of Brackley, and about 4 miles from Brackley, 12 miles from Banbury. Hunting obtainable with The Oxford, Finesse Chase, and the Bowser Hounds.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN ONE LOT, AT THE LONDON AUCTION MARKET, 155, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4, ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1946, AT 2.30 P.M.

VACANT POSSESSION of main residence, stabling, garage and one cottage; the land is let.

Accommodation: Hall and 4 sitting rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and power. Central heating. Excellent water supply. Plenty of good modern stabling.

Garage for 5 cars. Groom's room, 5 cottages.

CHARMING PLEASURE GROUNDS, WALLED GARDEN WITH FRUIT TREES, TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL ENCLOSURES; PASTURE AND ARABLE (let).

In all about 63½ ACRES

Illustrated particulars with plan (2/-) may be had from the Solicitors Messrs. Hunters, 9, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2; or from the Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

Regent
0811

5, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvener 3121 (3 lines)
Established 1876

BUCKS

30 miles from London. Adjoining an Old World Village

DIGNIFIED XVIII CENTURY MANOR HOUSE



VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

18 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms,
5 spacious reception rooms.
Main electric light, gas and
water. Central heating.
Independent hot water.
Lovely old gardens and
timbered park. Groom's
house and 4 charming
cottages.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 34 ACRES. PRICE £14,000

CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

On high ground. Delightful Views.



WELL-BUILT MODERN QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

8 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 reception rooms. Main electric light and water. Central Heating.
GARAGE. BUNGALOW. PLAYROOM 350. x 250.
CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS. **43 ACRES (40 LET OFF)**

FREEHOLD FOR SALE. POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT

Owner's Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

WITHIN EASY REACH OF CHELTENHAM AND BROADWAY

Beautiful position. South-west aspect.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE

Nobly proportioned house
14 ft. high. 15 bedrooms,
3 bathrooms, hall, fine size
of reception rooms. Main
electric light and power.
Garage. Stabling.
2 Lodges. Cottages.
Magnificently timbered old
garden. Miniature park.
IN A KING PACE.
Nearly 30 ACRES



FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION

Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

BERKSHIRE—6 MILES FROM READING

London 30 miles. Main line station 2 miles. Amidst charming unspoilt country.



COMFORTABLE MODERNISED RESIDENCE

10 bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 reception rooms. Main electric light and power. Ample water.
Central Heating. STABLES. GARAGES. PLAY BUNGALOW. COTTAGE.
ATTRACTIVE HARDENED PARKLIKE MEADOWLAND, ABOUT 27 ACRES
NEAR THREE GOOD GOLF COURSES. VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Sole Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, as above.

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvener
1032-33

LINDHEAD, 600 feet up near Devil's Punchbowl, amidst
gladwood and common lands. **PURELY WHITE
GABLED HOUSE**, originally an old priory farmhouse
added to and brought thoroughly up to date. On two
floors only. Situated, off unfrequented lane. 4 reception,
7 bedrooms (6 with bath), 2 bathrooms. Main electricity
and water. Central heating. Recently redecorated and
painted throughout, and now ready to occupy. Garage.
Cottage (6 rooms). Matured gardens, grass court, glass-
houses. Shady trees, etc. in all **ABOUT 4 ACRES.**
FREEHOLD, £9,500. (No reasonable offer refused).
Possession on completion.

LITTLE-KNOWN ESSEX, within the triangle Chelms-
ford-Ipswich-Bognor, 5 miles from Stansted
Junction (London 10 25 minutes). **DELIGHTFUL
SMALL HOUSE** of particular charm, complete with its
own small model farm, originally rich grass paddocks and
now some of the most fertile land in the country. On rising
ground with the views (mostly) on heights of historical
value. Completely on two floors: 3 reception, modern
kitchen (housewife's delight), 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Electricity and water. Garages, stabling, cowhouse.
Dutch barn, picturesque cottage, matured gardens and
wood. **48 ACRES.** Long road frontage. **FREEHOLD,
£10,500.** Possession on completion. Contents if required.

HIGH CHILTERN—450 FEET UP

Priory's Robertus 11 miles. High Wycombe 6 miles.



**UNIQUE HOUSE OF UNCONVENTIONAL
DESIGN**, erected 1925 and altered in 1940. Farious
south and south-west with fine views. 2 handsome reception,
4 bedrooms, 2 dressing, 4 baths. Main electricity and
water. Central heating. Garage, etc. **MATURED
GARDEN OF HALF AN ACRE**, bounded by farmland.
Shady trees, yew hedge (7 ft. high). **FREEHOLD,
£7,000.** Possession on completion. Interior furnishings
if required. —Personally recommended by RALPH PAY AND
TAYLOR, as above.

BETWEEN HALEMERE AND FERNHURST, 15
minutes from station by taxi, 500 feet up. Almost on
the corner, under shade to famous Blackdown Hill.
PERIOD FARMHOUSE, restored and modernised with
great individuality without spoiling any of its original old-
world characteristics. Traditional interior. 3 reception,
4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 dressing rooms. Annex (45 ft.
x 12 ft.) on two floors, suitable bedrooms or day and night
nursery. Main electricity and water. Small well-kept
garden. A PRATYCK IN THE MODEL FARMERY and
4 loose boxes. Dairy, cowstalls, pigsties, etc., cement
floors throughout. Rich grassland in all approaching
**8 ACRES. FREEHOLD, PRICE JUST REDUCED
TO £7,500.** Possession on completion.

BUCKS—OXON BORDERS. Fine views of wooded
Chiltern Hills, between Oxford and London, 6 minutes
from station, with rail connection to main line (8 miles).
MODERNISED FIFTEENTH-CENTURY COTTAGE
on central wall of which is 15 inches thick. Vile brick
and half timbering dated 1670. Fascinating interior.
Two good reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Main elec-
tricity and power phone. Never-failing water supply from
deep Artesian well pumped by automatic control. 70-gal-
lon rain-water tank. Excellent drainage. Fine views.
Delightful garden of about **ONE-THIRD OF AN ACRE**,
with long road frontage. **FREEHOLD, £8,000.** Party
presentation.

LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056

TO INVESTORS.

LANCASHIRE

Situate about 3½ miles Warrington, 9 Liverpool, and 1 from St. Helens

THE BOLDWELL ESTATE

Including 12 VERY FERTILE POTATO, CORN AND DAIRY FARMS. SMALL-
HOLDINGS. PRODUCTIVE MARKET GARDEN, 13 WELL-BUILT COTTAGES,
accommodation lands, extending in all to about

1,462 ACRES

AND PRODUCING AN ACTUAL RENT ROLL OF

£2,210 PER ANNUM

FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION, as a whole or in 30 Lots, at the BLUE BELL
HOTEL, WARRINGTON, on WEDNESDAY JANUARY 30, 1946 (unless previously
sold privately).

Particulars and Plans (2s. 6d. per copy) from the Solicitors: Messrs. WILLIAMS & JAMES,
Norfolk House, Strand, W.C.2; the Auctioneers, Messrs. LOFTS & WARNER,
41, Berkeley Square, W.1. (Tel. Grosvener 3056); or the Local Agent, R. M. LOVE,
F.I.A.S., Land Agent, Oswestry, Salop. (Tel. Oswestry 443).

KENT

Near Chislehurst. Within half an hour of London. Convenient for Station and Ship.

A VERY DESIRABLE RESIDENCE

STANDING IN ITS OWN GROUNDS AND HAVING A SUN ROOF

7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, usual offices.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. GARAGE FOR TWO CARS. ATTRACTIVE GARDEN.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Further particulars from Messrs. LOFTS & WARNER, 41, Berkeley Square, W.1.
(Tel. Grosvener 3056).

Grosvenor 1855
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1774)
25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.I.

Robert Place, Eaton Sq.
West Maitin St.,
Belgrave Sq.,
and 68, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

SURREY

12 miles of London, 10 minutes station.
VACANT POSSESSION JANUARY
PRICE FREEHOLD £5,000



5 bed, 2 baths, 3 reception,
good offices.

Garage for large car.
Central heating. All main
services.

ABOUT ½ ACRE OF
GARDENS
all in excellent order.

Full particulars of the Sole Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street,
London, W.1. (D.1265)

MODERN LUXURY RESIDENCE

ON BUS ROUTE
600 feet up to Hills, adjoining Golf Course.

with 3 inter-communicating
reception rooms,
study. Perfect domestic
offices with staff room.
2 bedrooms and 2 luxurious
bathrooms adjoining.
Garage for 3 cars with 5
rooms and bath over.

CENTRAL HEATING.
MAIN WATER AND
ELECTRICITY.

Inexpensive Grounds of
ABOUT 6 ACRES

AN OUTSTANDING PROPERTY IN EXCELLENT CONDITION, FOR SALE
FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION
Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4507)



And at
ALDERSHOT

ALFRED PEARSON & SON

FLEET, HANTS. Tel.: 118.

And at
FARNBOROUGH

FOR AUCTION IN JANUARY

A COMPACT HOUSE IN FLEET with SMALL
ORCHARD and PADDOCK, 3 bedrooms, bathroom,
2 reception rooms, kitchen, etc., garden. Main water,
electricity and gas. Main drainage. VACANT POS-
SESSION.

FARNHAM (near). WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE
enjoying extensive views. Hall, drawing-room with
parquet floor, dining room, kitchen, 5 bedrooms, bath-
room (b. and c.), etc. Main services. Garage, well laid out
garden. 1½ ACRES. The house is well fitted and easy
to maintain. PRICE £4,000, or to include 4-roomed
bungalow (at present bid), £4,250.

OF INTEREST TO SALMON FISHERS
SMALL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE IN PICTUR-
ESQUE WYE VALLEY, 10 bed and dressing rooms,
2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, 3 cottages, garage,
stabling. Main water. Central heating, electricity from
private plant. Matured garden and grounds, 18½ ACRES.
PRICE £7,000, WITH VACANT POSSESSION.



FAVOURITE NORTH HANTS VILLAGE

On high ground enjoying good open views. Five minutes
walk village shops, church, bus route, etc.
6-7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception
rooms, etc. Main services and central heating. Very
pleasant and well-thundered garden. Garage and stabling
with living rooms over. 1½ ACRES. Freehold with
vacant possession, £6,950.

FOR AUCTION IN THE SPRING

THE AGENTS have just received instructions to SELL
BY AUCTION TWO COUNTRY PROPERTIES IN
NORTH HANTS, both with VACANT POSSESSION.

1. An OLD-WORLD STYLE COTTAGE RESI-
DENCE with modern conveniences, out-buildings,
picturesque garden and paddock.
2. WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE in a rural situation
enjoying extensive southern views. Ideally placed for
the London business man. Attractive grounds, small
cottage and Rud paddock, 3 cottages.

Illustrated particulars are in course of preparation and
will be ready early in the New Year.

Central
9344/5/6/7

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1790)

AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:
"Farebrother, London"

By Order of Executors.

WORPLESDON HILL

Adjoining West Hill Golf Course

A MODERN HOUSE

5 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, CONVENIENT OFFICES, GARAGE.
COMPANIES' ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE
THE GROUNDS ARE EASY TO MAINTAIN AND EXTEND TO

ABOUT ONE ACRE

FREEHOLD £5,250 (Subject to Contract).

Joint Agents: FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4, and ALFRED SAVILL & SONS, The Broadway, Woking

184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington
0188-3

TOTNES £2,800

WITH 20 ACRES

ATTRACTIVE MODERNISED FARM-
HOUSE, facing south, 2 reception, 4 large
bed, bath (b. & c.). Overbuilt range
ideal boiler. Excellent buildings and
20 acres rich land with stream.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

PROMPT INSPECTION ADVISED.
Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY AND
BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3.
(Ken. 0182).

CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN

NEAR HENLEY-ON-THAMES

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE DELIGHTFUL POSITION

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 6-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Excellent offices.
Main electricity. Main water. Modern drainage. Central heating.
Stabling. Garage with 6st over.

INEXPENSIVE WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS

PADDOCK. 2½ ACRES

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

FREEHOLD ONLY £4,250

Quick sale desired. View at once.

WEST SURREY

CHARMING SMALL MANSION

Extremely suitable to a purchaser requiring
large rooms and plenty of accommodation for
relaxation for similar purposes.
MOST IMPRESSIVE dark red brick with
ornamental chimney stacks standing in
lovely grounds of 8 ACRES enjoying
beautiful views. 4 bed reception, 10 bed,
4 bathrooms. Parquet floors. Central
heating. On's water. Main electricity
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THIS ATTRACTIVE AND WELL BUILT MODERN STONE RESIDENCE

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IDEALLY SITED AS A PRIVATE HOUSE OR SCHOOL.

14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, sitting hall and 5 reception rooms. Central heating. EXCELLENT SPRING WATER SUPPLY. ELECTRIC LIGHT. SEPTIC TANK DRAINAGE. GOOD STABLING AND GARAGE PREMISES. 2 BUNGALOWS.

WELL-KEPT GARDENS, NICELY TIMBERED

IN ALL ABOUT 31 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £8,000

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About a mile from Main Line Station and Village, and 6 miles from Newbury. In beautifully wooded country.

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lying compactly together in a ring fence affording excellent shooting. Approached by 2 carriage drives with Lodge entrances.

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Hall, 3 reception rooms, 7-9 bedrooms, bathroom. COTTAGE. STABLING. GARAGE. Matured grounds with specimen trees and shrubs, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit garden, paddock, in all

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ALL ON TWO FLOORS

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FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH EARLY POSSESSION

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In a splendid position, with views across the River Wye.

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4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light, main water. Central heating. 2 Cottages (1st). Garage, stabling. Pleasure gardens of about 2 acres, pasture, woodland, etc., in all about 18 ACRES.

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A Beautiful Georgian Mansion in an

Extensive Park



35 bedrooms, 10 reception rooms, bathroom. Main electricity. Partial central heating. Garage. Stabling. Outbuildings. Really maintained grounds, 2 tennis courts, bathing pool, walled kitchen garden. Parkland by arrangement.

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GLORIOUS POSITION 480 FEET UP ON GREEN SAND COMMANDING A VIEW OF 30 MILES OF COAST LINE FROM LYME REGIS TO PORTLAND BILL

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dating back 300 years. Drive with Kesteven Lodge. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room and 2 attic rooms; 3 bathrooms; wash basins in bedrooms; central heating; main water and electricity; garage, etc. Attractive garden, orchard, etc. in all about 14 ACRES

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COUNTRY HOUSE
(less than 2 miles from main line Station)



3 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 bedrooms on first floor and 3 other bedrooms; 3 bathrooms. All main services. Garages and stabling. Chauffeur's flat, billiard room, etc.

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In a delightful stretch of country, in the favourite Dorking District.



THIS FASCINATING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

MODERNISED REGARDLESS OF COST, AND IN SPLENDID ORDER THROUGHOUT.

Oak panelled Entrance Hall. Oak fitted lounge. Drawing room (14ft. by 20ft.), 2 other reception rooms. Billiard room (14ft. by 20ft. 6in.), oak panelled throughout, 10 bed and dressing rooms. 3 bathrooms. Complete offices. Electric light. Central Heating. Main Drainage. Water. Telephone. Independent hot water. First rate stabling. Garage. Farmery. 3 Cottages.

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In one of the prettiest parts of West Sussex, a few minutes from Bus Stop.



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A COTTAGE NEARBY MIGHT BE PURCHASED IN ADDITION.

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Close to an old-world village with bus service passing the street. Heading 12 miles. Nearest 11 miles. 3 1/2 miles Streatley Station.

SMALL CHARACTER COTTAGE



3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms (one with l. and c.), bath-room, usual offices. Electric light. Main water. Brick built garage. Telephone installed.

Pleasant grounds with lawn, herbaceous borders, fruit trees, paddock, in all ABOUT AN ACRE AND A HALF.

PRICE £2,500

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Beautiful situation with wonderful views.



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WELL-BUILT AND ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

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GARAGE FOR TWO. 2 COTTAGES.

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On high ground with extensive views to Storr's Down and Hog's Back.

MODERN HOUSE
OF QUEEN ANNE DESIGN

3 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, marble sitting room. All main services. Fitted basins in all bedrooms. Complete central heating. Garage for 2 cars. Cottage (with bathroom). SHELLED GROUNDS of about

3 1/2 ACRES

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Under 40 miles from London, in a favourite part.



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A FASCINATING OLD PERIOD HOUSE

A considerable portion of which dates back to the eighteenth century and has since been carefully restored.

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ON EARLY ROMAN SITE.

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Central heating throughout. Electric light. Good water supply.

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3 ATTRACTIVE WALLED GARDENS.

In all about 7 ACRES

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ONLY £4,000, FREEHOLD

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DOUBLE-FRONTED RESIDENCE

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Beautifully timbered grounds with many flowering trees and shrubs, lawns, water and rock gardens, pergolas, herbaceous borders, well-stocked kitchen and fruit gardens.

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PRICE £10,000, FREEHOLD

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About ½ mile from popular Golf Course, 8 miles from Bournemouth. Commanding pleasant views over open countryside.

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4 bedrooms, bathroom, lounge, dining room, kitchen, cloak room, kitchen and office.

Radiators.

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Company's water.

Garage. Greenhouse.

Delightful terraced garden with lawns, shrubberies, fruit and vegetable gardens.

ONE ACRE

PRICE £4,600 FREEHOLD

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THE GROUNDS INCLUDE WALKER-IN KITCHEN GARDEN, ORCHARD, LAWN AND TENNIS COURT, AND ARE TASTEFULLY LAID OUT WITH SPECIMEN TREES AND RHODODENDRONS.

The whole extending to an Area of about 10 ACRES

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AN IMPOSING FAMILY RESIDENCE

in perfect decorative condition throughout and having southern aspect.

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Electric lighting and power. Main water.

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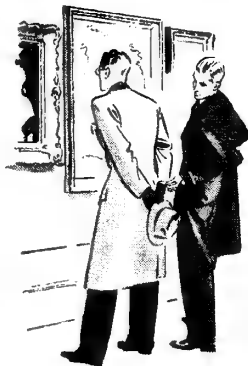


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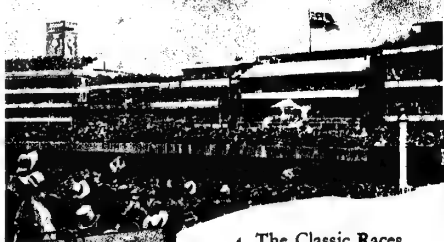
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LOTUS

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2554

DECEMBER 28, 1945



Fayer

LADY MOYRA BROWNE

Lady Moyra Browne, who is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, was married on December 10 to Mr. Denis J. Browne, F.R.C.S., son of the late Mr. Sylvester Browne and Mrs. Browne of Sydney, Australia.

SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD's speech at the Gimcrack Club dinner was on the whole encouraging to those who go racing, for he said that the Jockey Club would concentrate on cheaper and better accommodation for the public, and that he thought the rebuilding of stands, which must clearly be a long job, but he gave a hopeful list of courses that would be available next year and an assurance that Epsom would be ready for the 1955 season. He also said that he thought that a committee had been appointed to investigate the "Photo-finish" camera, and that trials would probably take place in January at Newmarket. Whatever the sport, judges are fallible and it would seem that the camera must save many a horse from being sent to the gallows. The Versity Boat Race was deemed at least by one side to be nothing of the sort. On the other hand a photograph recently reproduced in some daily papers of two greyhounds finishing showed the greyhound which was declared the winner. It is of course possible to carry the principle too far, and it is to be hoped for instance that a Rugby football match will never come to a stop in order that a photograph may be developed showing whether or not the touch judges were right. It is a pity that the camera will not yet be used still, or be left to unaided human nature.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

FOR the last two years or more there have been constant complaints from all over the country of the almost complete disappearance of the green plover, or peewit, and I have raised my voice in lamentation more consistently than anyone. The reason for my feeling in the matter is that the plover is worth his weight in gold to the farmer, he is one of my favourite birds, and the wide Avon valley with its miles of plough land and water-meadow was one of his favourite haunts, so that in the past, when driving to Salisbury, I would see a big flock of plover at work in a field practically every half-mile of the journey. Then, here in common with the rest of England, the green plover disappeared almost completely, and various explanations were advanced, but the most probable one—the demand for the birds at 3s. 6d. apiece in the London markets—could not have been the reason for the elimination of the species in the Avon valley, as practically the whole length of this river is in the hands of big land-owners, who preserve the shooting carefully and who have enough sense and enough foresight to protect the green plover.

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DURING the last week, however, I have seen two large gatherings of green plover which would suggest that the situation is not as bad as we imagined. On the shores of a large shallow lake near Alresford in the Itchen valley I noticed a huge flock of birds, which at first I thought must be gulls, but when they rose from the ground, with distinct measured wing-beats and a display of black and white as they turned, I realised that a contingent of our old friends were back again and in some considerable numbers.

Two days later on a clear afternoon I saw that there was considerable bird movement taking place up a three-mile stretch of the Avon valley. One pack of some two to three hundred birds was manoeuvring in the air at a distance of a quarter of a mile from me, and, so far as I could see, there were similar large flocks circling over the water for the whole length of the river, the most distant of these being mere blurs against the clear sky. I was able to identify four of these big packs as plover, and it is reasonable to suppose that the remainder, a concourse running into a thousand or more, were all of the same species.

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PANELS on the tombs of Egypt prove that natural history was studied far more carefully in the very early dynasties than it is in that country to-day. One of the commonest scenes depicted on the tombs of long-departed officials in that once over-official country is the Controller of Pyramid Construction, or the President of the Hyksos War Re-settlement Committee, seated in an arm-chair on a dais, with queues of the ordinary common tax-paying people lined up and bearing gifts which consist, not only of domestic animals and birds, but also of every known species of wild fauna and feather, from the oryx antelope to the pintail duck and the mountain ibex to the whooper swan.

It goes to prove that which one must do to exist in an official-ridden country, and with the existing shortage of domestic and wild stock in this country, together with the almost complete disappearance of the rabbit, I am afraid we shall not be able to put up nearly such a



WINTER ON THE RIVER RODING, ESSEX

good show at propitiation as did the Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs.

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RECENTLY my car has been suffering from that distressing, and now almost universal, complaint—a run-down battery—and, with a long waiting list at every garage for replacements, it had become necessary to swing the starting handle. This is a performance, which we used to do with reluctance in the days before self-starters were invented, and now carry out with exasperation bordering on fury, as with my model, and with many others, the fitting-in of the starting-handle is a job for an expert machinist who works to thousandths of an inch, and the turning over of the engine is a task for a Hercules. The battery went into the garage several times for a re-charge, came out after treatment rejuvenated and full of energy, but during the night a serious relapse would set in, and the weakness would be even more marked in the morning.

Then by chance I met at a country hotel an old friend of my desert days—an Egyptian car-driver, who has recently been working at the Egyptian Embassy in London. The meeting was most refreshing as, with the Egyptian gift of tact and of saying the right thing on all occasions, he told me I was looking younger than when I left his country nine years ago, that my old Province was all right but nothing like as good as it was in my days, and a few other pleasing remarks of that nature. As that

morning our milkman, on seeing my Scottie coming slowly down the lane, had said: "Ah, he's suffering from the same complaint as his master—he's getting old," I was feeling in need of a stimulant—even one of an Oriental nature, which should not be taken at its face value, but which nevertheless is preferable sometimes to brutal British veracity.

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LATER on, when the self-starter of the car refused to function owing to the weakness of the battery, my friend took a professional look at the works, and said: "Hut shawit moyseel en nar fika" (Put some water of fire in it). "Water of fire" is the Arabic name for that 1,250 solution of sulphuric acid in which the plates of one's battery are immersed, and on arrival home I topped up with 1,250 solution instead of the usual distilled water. All this happened nearly two months ago, and ever since my battery, having regained all the lost energy of its youth, is as vigorous as a new one.

I mention the episode because I obtain visual proof every day that approximately half the cars on the road are suffering from the same trouble, and, though quite a number of motorists know that a run-down battery can often be resuscitated by "water of fire," there are quite as many who do not know, and for some unexplained reason the average garage does not suggest the treatment. I think they prefer to sell a new battery, even if the customer has to wait three months for it.

WAR-TIME ADVENTURES OF BRITAIN'S ART TREASURES

By G. BERNARD WOOD

THE storage of the nation's art treasures during the war makes a remarkable story which is now being told as the need for official secrecy recedes. That so little was lost is a matter for justifiable pride, reflecting great credit on the several custodians and the Ministry of Works. Much ingenuity and resourcefulness were exercised and many were the strong-rooms and underground storage chambers constructed in remote parts of the country.

Roughly the story covers four stages. Some years before 1939 directors and trustees of the national art galleries and museums met to make provisional arrangements for the safe-keeping of their collections in case of war. Various church authorities, some rather belatedly, made their own plans. Consequently, at the time of the Munich crisis, some of the finest of our artistic treasures were already being sent some-

air-conditioning plant was installed; alarm signals were provided, and steel doors closed upon the rock-chambers which were guarded by picked attendants.

The Tate Gallery collection was originally spread among three chosen sanctuaries—Munster Castle, Ravensglass, Cumberland; Hellenus, Much Marcle, Herefordshire; and Eastington Hall, Worcestershire. Later, pictures from the last two places were taken to Sudeley Castle, Gloucestershire, and to Stow-on-the-Wold in the same county. All these houses were occupied as usual by their owners and the pictures were guarded day and night.

Some of the larger canvases, such as Copley's *Death of Major Pierson* and Stanley Spencer's *Resurrection* were walled-up where they hung in the Gallery, while most of the sculpture was relegated to strong-rooms in the basement. There were other valuable exhibits

Museum can disclose in detail the war-time adventures of its treasures, as so many of these, until transport difficulties lessen, will have to remain where they were put. It has been disclosed, however, that some of their exhibits were stored in the Tensate Hall, near the Victoria and Albert Museum and from Buckingham Palace, in another disused portion of the London Tube, the Aldwych line.

Montacute House, Somerset, early became one of the repositories for the Victoria and Albert Museum, but the greater part of their collections went underground, later, in a limestone quarry near Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire. Here were stored tapestries, textiles, and other items that, if left where fires might have occurred, might have suffered irreparable damage by water. In the Bath Stone area, therefore, were kept such famous treasures as the Arlabail carpet, the Constable paintings, the Gloucester candlestick, Queen Elizabeth's virginal—probably the very instrument on which she beguiled her courtiers and ambassadors, and the idea notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci.

Here again additional precautions were necessary. The air was mechanically sifted and cooled. Placed in the quarry at intervals were devices to indicate any change in humidity. Across the quarry chambers were directed rays which, if intercepted, would operate an alarm. Examination of the treasures by experts was conducted regularly.

Thousands of exhibits from the Victoria and Albert Museum were in circulation among provincial centres during the war, and this undoubtedly reduced the risk of damage from aerial attacks. There were, unfortunately, two exceptions—Sheffield and Bristol. A selection of Sheffield Plate loaned to Sheffield Art School was ruined during a raid; and a display of ceramics, including choice specimens of Bow and Chelsea ware and of eighteenth-century cut glass that went to Bristol, met a similar fate.

In Wales the public had several opportunities of viewing the masterpieces from the London collections. A selection of the armour from the Tower of London—including the armour of the Tudor sovereigns—was sent to the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff and placed on exhibition there. Henry VIII—the founder of the Armouries collection—was appropriately represented by the mounted figure wearing the engraved suit (it bears the initials of Henry and Katherine of Aragon interlaced with lovers' knots) presented to him by the Emperor Maximilian I (c. 1511-14). When Cardiff became vulnerable, at the Fall of France, this part of the Armouries collection was transferred to Carnarvon Castle, where it remained until the summer of 1945. Other items from the collection spent the war years at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, and West Wycombe Park, Buckinghamshire, with Balls Park, Hertfordshire, providing a temporary home.

Among the many items in London which had to be protected *in situ* were the Mantegnas at Hampton Court Palace; a number of public statues, including that of Charles II at Chelsea Hospital; and some of the massive sculptures in the British Museum. The furniture, marbles and a selection of the pictures from Soane's Museum went to Rhiavna, Anglesey, where they were stored in the Tensate Hall, while the architectural drawings and designs by Flaxman, Chantrey, Robert Adam and others found refuge in the cellar of Haigh Hall, Wigan.

The country house plan was adopted by the Public Record Office, too. Records were stored at Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire; Haddon Hall, Derbyshire; the Tensate Hall, Surrey; Grittleton House, Wiltshire; Culham College, Oxfordshire—and the Casual Ward at Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Perhaps the most important storage place was a wing of the prison at Shepton Mallet, Somerset. This housed all those fascinating records from the Public Record Office Museum, ranging from *Domesday Book*



FAMOUS PICTURES RETURNING TO THE TATE GALLERY FROM SUDELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. (Right) SARGENT'S CARNATION, LILY, LILY, ROSE. ON CASE: HARPIGNIE'S THE GARDEN

where in the country. Twelve months later, even while Mr. Neville Chamberlain was announcing that we were at war, other helicopters by the van- and train-load were on their way to secret destinations. The fall of France marked a final stage; with the threat of invasion it was found that many of the treasures had been moved to vulnerable areas. They had to be evacuated to safer places.

By the outbreak of war the National Gallery had already dispersed 2,000 pictures, mainly in country houses and provincial centres, including the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth, and the Pritchard Jones Hall, University of Wales, Bangor. In 1941, the Treasury was asked to provide a safer repository, with the result that—as Sir Kenneth Clark has disclosed—the Manod Slate Quarry, near Blaenau Ffestiniog, North Wales, reputed to be the deepest slate quarries, or mines, in the world, were transformed into a series of strong-rooms. Within quarry chambers cut 300 feet deep into the mountainside, the Ministry of Works constructed five brick galleries for the works of Titian, Rubens, El Greco, Michelangelo, etc., and Hogarth's series, *The Rake's Progress*, from Soane's Museum. The pictures were taken into the quarry by specially-constructed light railway. To regulate temperature and humidity,

which never left London, for the Tate Gallery housed a number of pictures in a disused section of the Underground railway system—the Piccadilly tube—sharing this with the London Museum; Westminster Abbey, which placed its wax effigies there; and the Royal Academy. The Tate Gallery's total loss was one picture only—Richard Wilson's *Destruction of the Children of Niobe*, which was being cleaned in London.

Looking back it is curious to think, of all those studies from the National Portrait Gallery—Holbein's *Henry VIII*, *Mary Queen of Scots*, the *Chandos Shakespeare*, *Sir Christopher Wren*, *Dr. Johnson* and the rest—seeking sanctuary under the roof of Lord Rosebery's Buckinghamshire house of Mentmore, along with the royal effigies (see *COUNTRY LIFE*, November 2, 1945) and the statues of saints, apostles and philosophers from Westminster Abbey, for inspecting which—on their return to London—the recent exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum provided an unique opportunity. It is strange, also, to visualise Lord Hertford's treasures from the Wallace Collection—so many of which he bought from the French aristocracy who survived the Revolution—figuring again as *émigrés*, at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, and West Wycombe Park, Buckinghamshire.

Some time may elapse before the British



PANELS FROM THE TE DEUM WINDOW IN YORK MINSTER, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE RE-ARRANGEMENT OF THE GLASS. (Left) THE DIVINE ARCHITECT AFTER TREATMENT. (Right) THE TRINITY BEFORE TREATMENT

and the ancient royal seals, to bygone treaties with France, Spain, Portugal, etc., and letters such as that in which the Sultan of Turkey addresses Queen Elizabeth as "most sapient princess of the magnanimous followers of Jesus . . . most grateful rain-cloud," etc.

In all this mighty upheaval of the nation's records, involving the transfer of about 2,000 tons of documents, not one public record was damaged or lost through enemy action.

The altar plate designed by Professor Gledowes and executed by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths found safe custody in the United States. Consisting of candlesticks, vases, cross and alms dish, the plate was a gift from the present Royal Family to the King's Chapel of the Savoy—the Chapel of the Royal Victorian Order—where it has been exhibited at the New York World Fair as a typical example of modern English craftsmanship. Bishop Manning, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, later accepted the custody of these ornaments for the duration of the war.

A selection of the Goldsmiths' Company's plate and that of other City companies also happened to be on exhibition at the World Fair. Later, arrangements were made for its transference to the Museum of Fine Arts at Yale University, where it has been cared for by Mr. Sizer, the Curator, and Mr. John Marshall Phillips, who is in charge of the famous Garvin Collection. The Goldsmiths' Company stored their remaining plate in hampers in certain West of England banks.

On behalf of His Majesty, the silver plate was received by Viscount Halifax, British Ambassador at Washington, at a recent ceremony.

The Geological Museum's collection, incorporating about 150,000 fossils and 77,000 rocks—representing a century of geological investigation in Great Britain—

was at first protected within the Kensington premises. In 1940-41, it was evacuated to Bangor, Carnarvonshire. The transfer occupied exactly four weeks. They are now safely back in Kensington, with not a single fragile specimen damaged—a remarkable achievement.

The removal of insects, fish, reptiles and other specimens from the Natural History Museum was particularly exacting. They were dispersed among twenty country houses, chief of which were How Caple Court, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire; Turville Park, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire; Tattershall Castle, Lincolnshire; Swallowfield Park, Reading, Berkshire; Wray Castle, Ambleside, Westmorland; Aston Rowant House, Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire; and Fort Rodborough, Stroud, Gloucestershire. The important type specimens, preserved in spirit, were stored at Godstone, within the Carhouse Quarry. Other caves in the neighbourhood were used for the storage of a quantity of wine.

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The storage of treasures from the Provinces makes an equally interesting story. Throughout the country there has been in the last six years an increasing public interest in works of art. Those museums and art galleries which remained open, despite the evacuation of some of their exhibits, all report greatly improved attendances.

The more important of the older pictures from the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool—a collection of Italian works from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries forms the nucleus—were stored at three neighbouring houses: Knowsley Hall, Croxteth Hall, and, by arrangement with the National Trust, Rufford Old Hall, while a selection was lent to Ellesmere College, Shropshire, and hung in their hall. The modern pictures, including works by Wilson Steer, John Sargent and Algernon



HUMPHREY CHETHAM'S WAR-TIME NICHE IN MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL. THE STATUE IS BY W. THEED



ONE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON'S
MODEL HORSES BEING RETURNED
TO THE WHITE TOWER

Newton, were sorted into groups of about 30 each and circulated almost throughout the war among schools, where pupils could view them on their classroom walls. The schools which participated in this scheme were Rossall, Sedburgh, Giggleswick, Repton, Shrewsbury, Denstone, Merchant Taylors (Crosby), Sicker (Denbigh), and Rydal (Conway).

Manchester Art Gallery operated a somewhat similar scheme with the same two-fold purpose of protecting its pictures and of showing them to what proved, in some instances, to be an entirely new public. Selections from different masters from the Rutherford Loan Collection were circulated among schools, factories, hostels and service camps in Lancashire and other parts of the north. The Museum and Art Gallery at Buxton, Derbyshire, held an exhibition of paintings and drawings by such modern artists as Augustus John, Wilson Steer, Sickert and Will Rothenstein, all from Manchester Art Gallery. The older works, including the Pre-Raphaelites for which Manchester is famous—together with the ceramics, silver, jade, furniture and costumes—were stored away, some at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth; others at Ford Hall and Bowden Hall, Derbyshire; Coniston Hall, West Yorkshire; Temple Sowerby Manor, Westmorland, and the ancestral home of the Percys, Alnwick Castle, Northumberland.

When the bombs began to fall on Manchester the John Rylands Library was holding an exhibition of medieval MSS. and jewelled book-covers. It is one of the finest collections of its kind in the world. It was removed to country homes of friends of the library and now, six years later, the exhibition has been resumed, without a single blank space.

As Stratford-upon-Avon was not considered vulnerable, the specially-constructed record room adjoining Shakespeare's Birthplace, which had been officially opened by the late Master of the Rolls in 1937, gave war-time sanctuary to a great variety of items. Besides some of the

records of the Corporation of Coventry and of the Stratford-upon-Avon Town Council, there were the archaeological specimens and other relics from the Birthplace and New Place Museums, and some precious items from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace also gave protection to the Washington Irving clock and chair from the Red House Hotel, Stratford, while the chairman of the Trust, Sir Archibald Flower, kept the microfilms of the foreign records in the cellar of his house, The Hill, Stratford.

Norwich was another place which kept its museums open, registering greatly-increased attendances despite the fact that the more valuable and spectacular items, such as the 15th-century Flemish tapestries, were safely stored in country houses, or in the dungeons of the Norman castle which now serves as museum and art gallery.

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Throughout the country the authorities responsible for the care of the treasures in church and cathedral were at pains to ensure their safety. In the City of London churches and St. Paul's Cathedral, the protection of large and intricate reredoses, stalls, pulpits, pews, screens, organs and galleries, as well as famous monuments, involved many difficulties. Dr. Fisher, then Bishop of London, set up a special committee to deal with these and other war-time measures. Safe storage for some of the items was provided in the crypt of St. Paul's and in certain of the church towers which were converted into strongrooms, but the larger fittings were taken to the country. Thirty-one lorry loads of the finest woodwork from the City

Reredoses.—St. Magnus-the-Martyr, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Benet Paul's Wharf, St. Martin Ludgate, St. Michael Paternoster Royal, St. Mary Woolnoth.

Screens.—St. Peter Cornhill, St. Margaret Lothbury.

Pulpits.—St. Mary Abchurch, St. Benet Paul's Wharf, St. Katherine Cree, St. Clement Eastcheap, St. Edmund-the-King, St. Helen Bishopsgate, St. James Garlickhythe, St. Magnus-the-Martyr, St. Martin Ludgate, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Michael Royal, St. Olave Hart Street, St. Stephen Walbrook, St. Mary Woolnoth, St. Andrew Undershaft.

Churchwardens' pews.—St. Margaret Pattens, St. Clement Eastcheap, St. Magnus-the-Martyr.

Doors.—St. Helen Bishopsgate, St. Mary Abchurch, St. Benet Paul's Wharf.

Organs.—St. Katherine Cree, St. Andrew Undershaft.

Bells were also removed: two from St. Bartholomew-the-Less of about 1510 and six from St. Andrew Undershaft of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of the other bells, notably those at St. Magnus-the-Martyr, were lowered to floor level. The City is not rich in ancient glass but what there is was taken away, including the rose window of St. Katherine Cree and the west



DOMESDAY BOOK, UNSCATHED AFTER ITS WAR-TIME EVACUATION

window of St. Andrew Undershaft, with small panels from other churches.

Protective work in St. Paul's was carried out by the Dean and Chapter, assisted by the Ministry of Works. Jean Tiju's wrought-iron grilles at the entrance to the choir aisles and Jesus chapel and his unique ironwork at the foot of the Geometrical staircase were taken down and removed, together with the Grinling Gibbons carving from the choir; the famous model by Sir Christopher Wren; a large part of Jonathan Mayne's wood carving in the Library; and screens at the west end of the cathedral. Some of these items were stored in strong parts of the cathedral crypt, where special measures were taken to control humidity. Others were taken to country houses in Hertfordshire and Lancashire.

Among the cathedral monuments encased in protective brickwork were the tomb of Nelson; the memorial tablets to the Wren family and the Wellington monument. A number of busts, statues and tablets was



National Museum of Wales
HENRY VIII'S SUIT OF ENGRAVED ARMOUR
WHICH WAS REMOVED FROM THE TOWER OF
LONDON TO WALES

removed to safer places. The well-known effigy of a former Dean, Dr. Donne, which survived the fire of 1686, was transferred to the crypt where, during the desperate nights of 1940-41, it lay side-by-side with the present Dean when he was not doing fire-guard duty.

Forgotten chapters in ecclesiastical history have come to light through storage schemes devised by some of the provincial cathedrals. At Lincoln cases containing the old glass, such as the Dean's Eye, the Bishop's Eye and some lovely lancet windows from transepts and Angel Choir, were stored in an underground chamber—part of some workings where, it is thought, Remigius might have obtained the stone for the cathedral he began 900 years ago. With 30 feet of solid rock overhead, the chamber was excavated from a passage found by accident some years before the war. It is ventilated naturally by air coming through the gaps in the stone beds. The discovery of several human skulls and two incomplete skulls of bison during the excavations opens a new field for local archaeological investigation.

At Durham Cathedral similar treasures, together with the remarkable Cuthbert relics and accoutrements found when the saint's tomb was opened in 1827, were relegated to a vaulted stone chamber which had long served only for lumber. Situated on the west side of the cloister, it is the treasure house of monastic times where not only the monks but noble families in the neighbourhood kept their valuables when raiders were abroad. Two of the vestments, now known as the Horseman and Hyazantine Textiles, in which Cuthbert's remains were robed, went, with items from the Victoria and Albert Museum, into the quarry near Bradford-on-Avon.

Many other cathedrals turned part of their own buildings into safe depositories. At Gloucester the crypt preserved the 14th-century east window, a memorial to the Gloucestershire men who fell at Crécy, and the Coronation Chair from Westminster Abbey. Norwich stored its Obedienciers (monastic rolls) and other documents in a blocked-up wall passage in the building, and the Maximilian Throne—the curious wooden chair in which every monarch for the Emperor over 400 years ago—in the space over the reliquary arch, which is protected by a Norman vault above and a 13th-century vault beneath.

Most of the valuable glass at Bristol Cathedral, including the two windows reputed to have been presented by Nell Gwynne while she took the waters at Hotwells nearby, found refuge in neighbouring cellars. Five other treasures were deposited by the civic authorities in a disused railway tunnel.

Some of the magnificent canopy work on the 15th-century choir stalls at Manchester Cathedral was damaged in December, 1940. Later the stalls were encased in thin sheet-iron armour-plate. William Theed's statue of Humphrey Chetham, founder of Chetham's Hospital, showing one of the charity boys at his feet, looked down upon the devastated choir from within a maze of protective scaffolding.

The Central Council for the Care of Churches was instrumental in saving many church fittings. These were collected from St. Paul's, Southwark, Exeter, Salisbury, Portsmouth and Lichfield cathedrals, and from many parish churches, and stored in the West of England. The cellar of a farm-house on Exmoor was used for valuable church plate. A large quantity of ecclesiastical treasures in great variety was deposited in the huge stone vaulted crypt of a church rebuilt just over a century ago. Conveniently, the crypt had been sub-divided for interments which never took place. According to Dr. F. C. Lees, this building probably contained more valuables during the war than any other storage place of the kind.

No fewer than 80 windows were removed from York Minster and the opportunity is now being taken to restore, under the Dean's supervision, their original designs. At some earlier time several had been put back in such haphazard fashion—for example, the Te Deum window in the south transept—that the pictures resembled a jigsaw puzzle.

One other treasure-house of York glass must be mentioned—All Saints' Church, North Street. After spending three years in the cellars of Thorngayby Hall, in the East-Riding, these



FIGURES FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (Left) ST. MATTHEW, WITH ANGEL HOLDING IKPOT. (Right) ST. DUNSTAN CLUTCHING A DEMON

windows—remarkable alike for their quality and subjects—have now been replaced. One 14th-century window is especially famous. Containing vividly-portrayed scenes based on Richard Rolle's *Pricke of Conscience*—the Yorkshire hermit's vision of the end of the world—it shows the overthrow of towns, with buildings crashing in ruin, fire spreading destruction everywhere and men hiding in holes. The subject is an apt commentary on our times. Yet the replacement of the window, unimpaired, is a token of our deliverance.

GOOD SPORT WITH WINTER PIKE

By J. B. DROUGHT

A Winter entertainment pike fishing has its seamy side. Trolling, for instance, on an inland lake, with the thermometer in the twenties, a boat half-filled with drifting snow, and a wind that would shake a polar bear churning the water to a creditable imitation of the open sea, is not everybody's pigeon. None the less and contrary to popular belief, a big lake pike in his Winter prime will usually put up a fight not far inferior to that of many a clean-run salmon.

One snare or even shoats pike in a trout stream from a sense of duty. In process, too, of spinning for them one keeps reasonably warm. Immobility is undoubtedly the crab to lake fishing under conditions more or less of Arctic nature. Yet I can recall many a January day which borrowed its mildness from the coming Spring. Then a tussle with one of the sockdolagers aforesaid has made a welcome change from the day-in, day-out footslog after snipe.

River pike are said to fight better than lake fish as a rule, but I do not think that this applies to the big fellows. There was a day not long since when we cruised on Corrib for an hour or so to the tune of two quite insignificant fish. The monotony, in fact, was becoming quite unbearable when, in a flash, things began to happen. Two trolling baits were snapped up almost simultaneously and not five minutes later my companion's spoon was dragged down

into a deep dark hole in no uncertain manner.

Luckily we were in the deep water; luckily, also, the boatman was old and learned in the ways of pike. For we did not so much as glimpse the fish until he had taken out forty yards of line and shot up on the port bow to take a look see at the battlefield. Then down he went like a stone, and like a stone stayed put. Nor did my partner dare to exert undue pressure, as some of the deepest places in the lake are rock-studded and a mass of tangled weeds. So the lead was in dummy's hand, so to speak, and it proved to be rather unexpected, for instead of a sudden, upward movement, the pike made another quick rush and appeared on the surface about twenty yards away in another direction.

One sight of the boat was enough and he was down again; but this time a firm hold and a continual pressure limited his activity. After a laborious fifteen minutes his energies seemed to be failing, and then my companion took a chance which, but for our henchman's skilful seamanship, might have proved fatal. For the big fish, which he undoubtedly was, had lost no whit of his low cunning and, allowing himself to be towed an appreciable distance alongside, was quite sprightly enough to play the favourite game of darting underneath the boat.

In a flash he made for it, and equally in a flash Tom, the boatman, got her from broadside to head on—with disastrous results to the equilibrium of the crew but, luckily, without any slackening of the line. That was the end

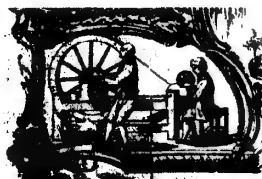
of that adventure. He was not a leviathan, as such specimens are reckoned in celebrated piking haunts, but he turned the scale at 20½ lb. and was in the best of condition. Involuntarily my thoughts reverted to those sceptics who say that a lough pike is always dull and sluggish, and can be hauled up like a sack of potatoes, for many a salmon has given me fewer palpitations of the heart.

I would suggest that many people, unversed in the ways of the big fellows, use baits that are too small. One does better work with something sizeable, whether live or artificial, worked at a good depth. For the really big fish lie far down in the weedy recesses of the loughs and the best sport and weightiest prizes fall, in the long run, to the man who spins deep and slowly.

The best loughs for weighty specimens that I know are in Ireland. Conn, Corrib and Sheelin in Eire and Lough Erne in Ulster offer a pretty wide field of choice to the piker. At one time or another I have sampled all of them, but although the three first mentioned share the honours for outside fish, I would give the palm to Lough Nafsooy, on the Mayo-Connemara border, as the best of Irish waters. It is, or was, stiff with pike, and is less frequented than the larger lakes. Although they do not attain to quite the aldermanic proportions of the Corrib fish, in the many years I fished Nafsooy from Leenane I never found them unresponsive to any kind of lure.

OLD ENGLISH CUT GLASS—I

By G. BERNARD HUGHES



DETAILS OF MAYDWELL AND WINDLE'S
TRADE-CARD IN SIR AMBROSE HEAL'S
COLLECTION

(Left) An 18th-century manually-operated glass-cutting machine, the cutter holding the blank between himself and the edge of the rapidly revolving wheel

(Right) A Georgian grinding machine with which the flat side of the revolving stone was used to grind flat surfaces upon flint glass



CUT glass fascinates connoisseur and tyro alike. It scintillates, sparkles, gleams and glistens with the seven colours of the rainbow, flashing and changing every moment as the light plays in the depths of the facets or dances upon a raised point. In 18th-century homes flickering candle-light displayed cut facets and formal devices cut in relief to their finest advantage.

The decoration of glass by cutting designs upon its surface to enhance brilliance and reflective power is at least 1,800 years old in this country. Remains of a glass furnace erected during the Roman occupation of Britain have been excavated at Warrington revealing a small stone cutting wheel and fragments of glass cut with circular concave hollows—the same "print" so successfully revived in Ireland during the early nineteenth century.

The century-long revival and redevelopment of cut glass in England can be chronologically traced through the hundred newspaper references between 1678 and 1799 so assiduously collected by the late Francis Buckley. In 1678 John Roberts invented a machine working "by the motion of water and wheels for grinding, polishing and diamonding glass plates for looking glasses." Glass grinders were frequently mentioned in the Press and elsewhere until about 1735. Grinding at this time merely meant bevelling the edges with a revolving stone. The scope of the grinder's work increased as the years progressed and by 1714 he was grinding glass lustres for "schandlers." Two years later Lady Mary Wortley Montagu noticed the new fashion, remarking that "almost every room

was made gay with large lustres of rock crystal." During 1725 more than thirty glass grinders were mentioned by name as belonging to the Society for the Art of Glass Grinding.

Scalloping or edge-cutting on rims was perhaps the earliest "grinding" to decorate English table glass. First came the arch and triangle some time before 1715, followed by zig-zag rims and regular undulating rims during the early 1720s. There were also several types of foot-rim scalloping, the earliest being arcs. Early scalloping was blunt rather than sharp, the edges being pared off at the sides. Scalloping became more artistically developed after 1745 and was eventually superseded about 1765 by castellated rims in various designs. These in turn were replaced about 1805 by the famous pecten-shell or fan edge.

Not until an incision is made in the glass can it be termed "cut." Cutting proper, an entirely different technique from grinding, requiring considerable skill and accuracy, had a wide vogue on the Continent long before the craft was established in England as an independent art. The earliest record of cut flint glass was unearthed by Buckley from *The Whitehall Post*, which during 1719 announced that "John Akerman continues to sell plain and diamond-cut flint glasses." This wording does not suggest that diamond-cutting was a new fashion; the small German facet was probably copied in London as early as 1710 by enterprising grinders who secured patterns from a sale of imported "German cut and carved glasses" at Stationers' Hall in October, 1709.

Glass-cutting gradually developed during

the reigns of the first two Georges into a highly specialised craft, glass-makers supplying plain ware to the retailers, who themselves employed the cutters, probably pupils of the Bohemian group which accompanied the Hanoverian court to London.

Since English flint glass was heavier and less liable to fracture than Continental soda-glass, cutting was found to be the ideal medium for enhancing its plain, sturdy forms. The large lead content of the metal made for brilliancy, a merit exploited to the full, with motifs becoming more elaborate as the century advanced. Metal, being inexpensive, was lavishly used; during 1710 the Whitefriars Glass-house was selling flint glass table ware at an all-round price of one shilling a pound.

English cut glass was developed through three distinct phases. To the pre-1745 group belong those geometric patterns called sliced cutting with motifs nearly or almost flat; this was a period of slow, steady progress. To the second group, 1745-80, belongs that flat, incised cutting in which designs were formed by angled slices: this was an era during which beauty of form and simplicity of ornament almost completely harmonised. Metal was thinner, clearer, whiter than formerly, but still displayed the greyish tinge of lead. The slightly deeper cutting had rather more prismatic fire, particularly after 1770, when tentative experiments were made with simple motifs in relief cutting. This relief cutting, greatly elaborated on a thicker metal, held the field from 1780 to 1825. This was the third period in glass-cutting during which beauty of line gave place to garish dis-

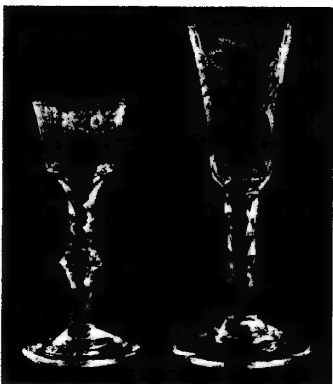


SWEETMEAT GLASS WITH ARCH AND TRIANGLE SCALLOPED RIM. An example of the earliest grinding on table-glass. About 1720. (Mrs. W. Hopley). (Middle) GLASS CANDLESTICKS WITH FACETED DOUBLE-KNOPPED STEMS. The loose scones and domed feet are sliced and scalloped; flat diamond cutting on the sockets. About 1745. Dessert-glass which, when being reversed, becomes a candlestick. About 1735. (Right) WINEGLASS WITH FACET-CUT STEM ON A PLAIN FOOT. About 1750.

ENGRAVED WINE-GLASS WITH KNOPPED FACETED STEM AND PLAIN FOOT, AND ALE GLASS WITH TALL STRAIGHT-SIDED BOWL ENGRAVED WITH HOP AND BARLEY AND DIAMOND FACETED STEM

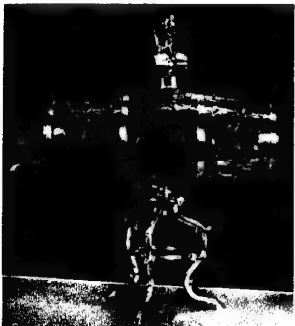
About 1760. *Victoria and Albert Museum*

(Right) CUT-GLASS SWEETMEATS. Scallop rim and double ogee bowl cut with large hollow diamonds. About 1760. And scalloped rim and bucket-shaped bowl decorated with sliced cutting. 1775



plays of cutting as metal became fully cleared.

The gradual development of glass-cutting was traced by Francis Buckley on cruet bottles. These can be dated fairly accurately by shape, character of metal and style of mounting, particularly when the latter is of silver authenticated by a hall mark. Three types of English table-glass were usually cut: bottle forms, bowls, and stems.



CUT-GLASS TUN HARNESSSED WITH FOUR SILVER BANDS AND SUPPORTED ON A SILVER TRIPOD WITH HOOF-SHAPED FEET. 1749

In the collection of the Worshipful Company of Vintners

Scalloping had appeared on sweetmeat glasses rather earlier than 1715, when it attracted the attention of Lady Grisell Baillie during one of her frequent visits to London. Small German facets cut on drinking-glass stems during the same decade marked the birth of a new industrial art in England. The basic operations of slicing and faceting were neither laborious nor difficult, but great artistic skill was necessary to produce attractive designs solely from shapely scoops of various depths and outlines ground by the cutting wheel. The rounded edges of these scoops or slices are always seen on cut glass of the early period. Sharp points at the intersection of slicings were prevented by the insertion of heart-shaped "snifters." Neither slicing nor faceting, flat and subtle as they are, impairs the transparency of the metal: rather do they add a liquid beauty to the material, unknown in the deep and complicated cutting of the third period. As one looks through a facet-decorated glass, the cutting on the opposite side is re-

flected in the facets on the near side and the whole surface seems to be covered with a delightfully complicated pattern. The object of the cutter's art at this time was to beautify the glass by small, sparse decoration rather than to display the intricacies of their art. Slicing was, therefore, simple and unostentatious.

Cut glass made before 1745 had a brilliant, rather deeply-hued metal—brown or green tinted. Owing to its great lead content and the style of cutting, prismatic light is not so intense as in later work. Striations appear in the metal together with specks and small bubbles.

Table-glass belonging to the slicing and faceting period can be recognised by its form: large funnel bowls supported by heavy knopped stems, double-ogee sweetmeat bowls, domed feet and many other early features.

Cut motifs of the first period are found in the following principal styles. The earliest motifs, dating from about 1715, include flat or slightly concave slicing, occasionally cut at a very slight angle to the surface; the small German or "hollow diamond cut" facets on knopped stems; triangular facets on bowls and other large areas; long hexagon and diamond facets on stems; large flat four-sided diamond facets on bowls; flat vertical flutes on Silesian stems with ribbed feet; vertical rounded flutes on bowls; various types of polygon and scale cutting on feet. Upright fluting first appeared about 1730. These early flutes were long and shallow: as the century advanced they became deeper, smaller and sharper.

Following the accession of George II in 1727 several other sliced and incised motifs became fashionable on bowls: after 1735 slicing was more ambitious and flat cutting adapted to hollow parts started its half-century vogue. Bowls were decorated with one or two zig-zag circuits, the angles sometimes being capped; lunar slicing composing various motifs or forming a zig-zag motif around bowls; simple festoons with leaves so soft to the touch as to feel almost like moulding.

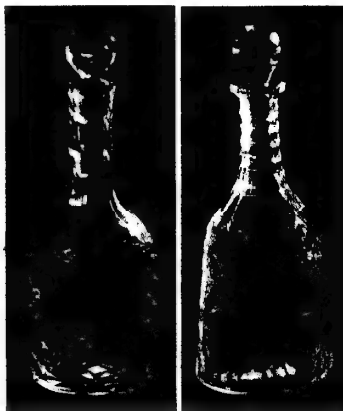
These were the main cut motifs until 1745, the English source from which all Irish cutting was then derived.

The Excise Act of 1745 placed a duty of 8s. 4d. a hundredweight on all raw materials used in the manufacture of flint glass. This compelled table-glass manufacturers to economise in weight of material. Forms became shorter, less sturdy and thinner of body, thus impeding progress in the glass-cutter's art. Flat motifs, soft and shallow and showing economy of line, now began to be used almost exclusively: the thin sides of bowls

would no longer permit of deep slicing.

Buckley records about a dozen types of cutting common during the years between 1748 and 1780. These include large flat diamonds on bowls; scale patterns chiefly on bottle-necks and candlestick stems; arch and sprig on the bases of wineglass bowls; neck-fluting; comb fluting; stem fluting, sometimes with the edges notched; stem diamonds, varying considerably in size and either flat or concave, resembling parallelograms with angles approximating 120 degrees and 60 degrees; double or long diamonds, often called lozenges, and sometimes hooked. There were also several kinds of polygon facets including long hexagons; incised zig-zags and lunar slices; and sliced motifs in numerous variations on candlestick and sweetmeat feet. Scalloping in many designs appeared on nozzles and feet of candlesticks and on sweetmeat rims and feet. Diamonds in the relief made their appearance about 1760 on fashionable luxury articles.

(To be concluded.)



SHOULDERED DECANTER WITH BODY AND NECK COVERED WITH LARGE DIAMOND FACETING. About 1760

(Right) JACOBITE DECANTER AND STOPPER.

Base cut with a double row of flat facets, neck with ringed facet cutting. Engraved with roses and Jacobite ladder. About 1770



1.—THE WHITCLIFF

The Common across the River Teme given to the Burgesses of Ludlow by a rich merchant in about 1210

LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE—II

SOME TIMBER HOUSES

The mediæval town that had grown rich on Welsh wool became in Elizabethan and Jacobean times a busy administrative capital as the seat of the Council of the Marches

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



2.—IN HIGH STREET

Beyond ■ the Butter Cross

LUDLOW still reveals very clearly the peculiar position it occupied among English towns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it was the administrative capital of the Principality of Wales. As the usual seat of the Council of the Marches of Wales, of which Ludlow Castle was the headquarters, it was, from before 1500 till the Civil War, in the nature of the Federal Capital of a British Dominion to-day, a miniature Delhi or Ottawa. The Lord President of the Marches held a position under the Crown analogous to a Governor-General, with judicial courts and officers under him, and kept semi-royal state at the Castle in the absence of the Prince of Wales himself. The Council had alternative quarters at Tickenhill (Bewdley) and Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire. But Ludlow was its normal seat.

In the heyday of this administrative system the link between the Prince, Council, and Principality was intended to be real. That it was not more so was due to the accident that, during most of the period, there was no Prince of Wales. Edward IV, who instituted the Council in 1473, sent his children to Ludlow with their mother, where they had their home till the little Prince succeeded as Edward V and was removed by Uncle Richard to the Tower of London. Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, spent much of his short life in the Marches from 1493, and died at Ludlow in 1502. His brother, as soon as he had a child of an age to send, in 1525 deputed little Princess Mary (she was only 10) to keep Court at Ludlow, which she very prettily did for ■ months. Of the Stuart princes neither Henry nor his brother Charles carried on the tradition of holding their Court in their titular capital, though the latter's creation as Prince of Wales in 1616 was celebrated with great state at Ludlow. Thus, as Defoe recognised when he visited the



3.—LANE'S CHARITY, OLD STREET



4.—THE TOWN PREACHER'S HOUSE, OLD STREET

town early in the next century, "the Castle of Ludlow is the Palace of the Princes of Wales, annexed to the Principality which is the Appanage of the Heir Apparent, and this is his Palace in right of his being made Prince of Wales." He added that "the town is a tolerable place, but it decays with the rest. It was formerly a town of good trade."

This reminder of Ludlow's former commercial note should be borne in mind in visualising its administrative importance in Tudor and early Stuart times and its renaissance as a social centre for the country gentry of the Marches in the eighteenth century, to which is due the wealth of good Georgian architecture created after Defoe's visit. Ludlow Races are a survival of this last phase which endured into the nineteenth century. The town's commercial phase was the earliest, derived from its development by the Lacy lords of the Castle as an *entrepôt* for the wool trade of North Wales, and thus forms the substance of its medieval history.

Each of these three well-marked periods of prosperity has contributed something to the rich sequence of its architecture—a sequence more perfectly preserved than in any other English town. Of the first, 1100-1500, there are few domestic remains, but the spacious street lay-out, parts of the town wall and one of the seven gates, Broad Gate, survive of this epoch which is superbly represented in the great church of St. Lawrence, and in the communal buildings of the Town Hall and hall of the Palmers' Guild. In the second, Ludlow was notorious for the number of its inns and its lawyers, and characterised by the splendour and (according to Richard Baxter) licentiousness due to the presence of the Council. Baxter describes how "being at Ludlow Castle, where many idle gentlemen had little else to do, I had a mind to learn to play at tables. . . . The house

was great (there being four judges, the king's attorney, the secretary, the clerk of the fines, with all their servants and all the lord president's servants, and many more); and the town was full of temptations through the multitude of persons, and much given to tipping and excess." It was this period that produced the timber-framed buildings in which the town is so rich. In the third, social, phase (1700-1850) Ludlow had a "season" for which county families had each their town house, accounting for the Assembly Rooms and the rows of dignified Georgian houses lining the lower part of Broad Street and Mill Street and in Dinham below the

Castle; houses of which Henry James said that they "look as if there had been more going on in them in the first decade of the

century but which can still, nevertheless, hold up their heads and keep their window panes clean and their knockers brilliant."



5.—THE FEATHERS HOTEL, CORVE STREET. 1603



6.—CASTLE LODGE, IN CASTLE SQUARE
Fourteenth century and later



7.—FEATHERS HOTEL, FIRST-FLOOR ROOM



8.—OVERMANTEL IN THE FEATHERS HOTEL. c. 1603

The initiative displayed by the early lords of Ludlow Castle in developing and laying out the town on spacious lines, as described in the previous article, was of course prompted by enlightened self-interest. The earliest organisation seems to have consisted in a Provost and twelve jurors, mentioned in 1221, shortly after which a beginning was made with walling the town. In 1240 it is first referred to as a Borough, though when Jordan of Ludford, about 1210, gave the Whitcliff Common (Fig. 1) to the town, the grant was to the Burgesses. A fair was being held before 1274. The dues on all merchandise entering a town were a valuable source of income to the lord of a manor, and in a country in which the main products were wool and the smelting of iron, the presence of a thriving community of burgesses and artisans at the gates of one of his principal castles was a valuable asset. Before the end of the twelfth century Ludlow is found mentioned with Shrewsbury, Winchester, Lincoln, Andover and Grantham as a town where up-country wool-dealers were active. There were already wealthy burgesses: Jordan of Ludford, just mentioned, and Peter Undergod, who c. 1220 founded the Hospital of St. John by Ludford Bridge.

The richest wool magnate in England of the thirteenth century was Laurence of Ludlow, though the firm of which he was a member, founded by his father Nicholas of Ludlow, was actually centred at Shrewsbury. Nicholas, "probably the most famous English merchant of the day," had claims against the Count of Flanders in 1274 amounting to £1,800, and it was Laurence who, twenty years later, largely managed the forced loan in wool from which Edward I financed his Scottish campaigns. In 1290 he began to enlarge and obtained licence to crenellate the manor house of Stokesay near his family's native town, just outside which he also founded a Carmelite convent. He was, however, highly unpopular with the wool-growers—the territorial aristocracy and monasteries—for his part in the taxation of their products, so that the chronicler of Dunstable Priory (which farmed the local Chiltern sheep) recorded with relish: "because he sinned against the wool mongers he was drowned in a ship laden with wool."

The building that most nearly preserves the aspect of such a rich man's town house in this early period is Castle Lodge (Fig. 6) at the junction of Mill Street and the market place in front of the Castle. Its stone walls have been much altered, and a timber-framed upper storey been superimposed probably in the sixteenth century. But its blocked 14th-century entrance remains.

Already in Elizabethan times Camden could describe the town as of more beauty than antiquity. The flourishing community in the seventeenth century produced its own poet, Thomas Churchyard, besides witnessing the first performance of *Comus* in the Great Hall of the Castle. The humbler native bard thus describes Ludlow in his time:

The towne doth stand most part upon a hill
Built well and fayre, with streates both longe
and wide;

The houses such, where straungers lodge at will,
As long as there the counsell lists abide
Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout
With conduits cleere and wholesome water
springs;

And who that lists to walk the towne about
Shall find therein some rare and pleasant things.

The virtual reconstruction of the town in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, while preserving the spacious mediaeval lay-out except in one instance, was almost wholly in timber framing. Much of the early town must have been destroyed when it was attacked by the Lancastrians in 1459. None

survives of the importance of the 15th-century timber buildings at Shrewsbury. On the other hand, in number and picturesque quality, few towns can surpass Ludlow in timber houses of the seventeenth century.

The exception to the retention of the original broad street-plan was in the High Street or Market, running east and west along the top of the hill to the Castle gate. Here evidently the stalls and pitches became consolidated and permanent buildings grew up on them, forming narrow alleys (Fig. 11). One or two of those facing outwards from these rows are important houses, such as that in Fig. 2, of which the main beams are richly carved. The delightful semicircular bay window appears to be contemporary although the sash windows are later.

The Ludlow carpenters were colleagues of John Abel, carpenter of the town halls of Hereford (c. 1620) and Leominster (c. 1630), whose work theirs approaches in magnificence. The house in Corve Street now the Feathers Hotel (Fig. 5) is dated 1603 and is said to have been built for a Lord Justice of the Court of the Marches, though the initials R. I. on the lock-plate of the door supports a tradition that one Jones was its builder, while the arms of Foxe and Hackeluit in one of the rooms are those of two ancient families of the district. On the first floor the principal room has a rich ceiling of the period (Fig. 7) and a very fine carved overmantel with marquetry panels, the arms and initials of James I. and the badges of the Prince of Wales (Fig. 8), the arms retaining their original paint. The exterior, with its bays, overhangs, and panelling, is related to the carpentry of Cheshire. The treatment of the gables, with their blind arches and the quadrant construction of that of the projecting bay (on the left) is reminiscent of Little Moreton and Broughton Hall.

The group of timber houses in the Bull Ring (Fig. 12) are relatively straight forward, though one of them attains four storeys; a charming smaller house in Dinham is notable for its surface carving. In Old Street, the Town Preacher's House (Fig. 4) is dated 1611, and the picturesque Lane's



9.—TIMBERED HOUSES IN DINHAM

Charity, founded in 1674, is an Elizabethan building. In both these, the elements of the pattern elaborated in The Feathers are noticeable—the dormers emphasised into gables and accentuated with ornament. Some of the best timber-work is in the Reader's House, to be described later.

But these illustrations bring together most of the outstanding timber structures. When the whole town consisted of such houses the effect must have been more quaint than pleasing. But when set off by the plain classic proportions of the Georgian fronts adjoining, for example the admirable façade of the wine merchant in Fig. 12, the "busyness" of the timbering enriches without disturbing the street picture.

Several other old hostleries survive besides The Feathers, e.g. the Rose and Crown

(Fig. 10) and the Bull, opposite the Feathers. But the latter, as also the Angel in Broad Street, have not been so fortunate in their treatment. There is still scope for a certain amount of careful reconditioning of these timber-framed buildings. But the stripping of plaster casing and emphasising the black and white patterns should be resorted to with restraint. It would be easy, in that way, to make Ludlow look self-consciously "olde" and so to upset the perfect balance of mediæval, Jacobean, and Georgian architecture which is the town's outstanding beauty. The balance is as much due to the concealment of timber structures in many cases beneath colour-washed plaster as to the excellent quality of adjoining Georgian buildings, some of which will be illustrated on another occasion.



10.—YARD OF THE ROSE AND CROWN, ANOTHER OF LUDLOW'S OLD INNS



11.—HARP LANE. A MEDIEVAL ALLEY



12.—JACOBÆAN AND GEORGIAN IN 'THE BULL RING'

A MONOGRAPH OF THE WILD GEESE

By PETER SCOTT

WHETHER it is their large size or their extraordinary wariness, or the wild music of their call, or whether it is a combination of all these things, there is something about wild geese that is infinitely romantic and exciting. It is probable that a larger number of people are interested in waterfowl than in any other comparable group of birds. Of those the most enthusiastic are usually the ones who hold wild geese to be the noblest birds that fly. It is rather strange, therefore, that no complete book on the world's wild geese has ever been published.

For some years before the war began I had been collecting material for such a work—a four-volume monograph, *The Wild Geese of the World* with a companion book, *The Wild Swans of the World* to follow it. Now that the war is over it seems that the time has come to pick up the threads of that work and bring the project to fruition.

My friend James Moffitt of San Francisco, one of the greatest authorities on wild geese in the United States Navy. Besides the loss to science and the personal loss of a close friend, it is a serious setback to the whole monograph project, in which he had agreed to collaborate.

Although I have not yet found anyone to take his place in the American field, Dr. John Berry and R. A. H. Combes have undertaken to assist in compiling the material here in England and of course the co-operation of two such well-known ornithologists (if I may coin the word) will be invaluable.

At present the most notable book on the world's waterfowl is a monograph *A Natural History of the Ducks* by an American ornithologist, the late John C. Phillips, completed in 1926. Thus, when my five volumes on the geese and swans are finished, a detailed natural history of the whole of the sub-order *Anseres* will be available.

The Wild Geese of Europe and Asia by Sergius Alpheraky (translated from the Russian *Wild Geese of Russia*), appeared in 1905 but many of the conclusions are now out of date and in any case less than half the world's species of geese are dealt with. It seems therefore that there is a requirement for a comprehensive book, a requirement which it is my object to meet.

Let me outline this project in greater detail. As may well be imagined, a great deal of preliminary research is necessary before the writing can be started and it may be some years—two at least—before even the first volume can be published. Whether it will be possible to produce the book all at once, or whether it will have to come out volume by volume, at intervals, has not yet been decided.

The volumes will be crown quarto in size and the book will be planned on a lavish scale, for it is not intended to do more than pay for itself. It will be profusely illustrated, each volume containing some 30 plates in colour including close-up portraits of the various species, pictures of them on the wing in their typical environment, and comparative plates of bills, and of the young in down. Each volume will also contain some 200-300 photographs, including, I hope, the best that have been taken of geese and swans by outstanding bird photographers all over the world. Finally, there will be in the text large numbers of line drawings both of a scientific and a decorative nature.

A chapter will be devoted to each species and the material will be set forth under the following headings:—

1. English name.
2. Latin name—Synonymy (other Latin names).
3. Vernacular names. Foreign names.
4. History of species (when first recognised, etc.). Relationship and allied forms. (Probable line of evolution, etc.)
5. Distribution. Status—(probable approximate number in existence and whether increasing or decreasing. An estimated census of the number of individuals of each species will require a great deal of research and might be undertaken by certain ornithological organisations).—Breeding range.—Winter range.—Migration routes.—Records of stragglers.—In addition distribution maps for each sub-species will be included.
6. Description—Adult Male—Adult Female.—Nesting.—Juvenile.—Bill.—Legs.—Ceroma—Rides.—Dimensions.—Weight.—Anatomy (Trachea, etc.).—General shape.
7. Field characters (identification in the field).
8. General habits—Habitat (Winter and

Summer).—Wariness, Intelligence, etc.—Daily movements—Gait—Swimming—Diving—Flight—Enemies—Association with other species.

9. Voice. (As well as verbal descriptions of the call notes it may be possible to include a gramophone record in a pocket at the end of each volume, or in an additional volume illustrating the difference between the voices of the various species and sub-species.)
10. Food—Damage to crops, etc.—Evidence in droppings.
11. Courtship.
12. Breeding.—Nesting season—Nest—Eggs—Incubation—Fledging.
13. Moults—Flightlessness.
14. Parasites. Diseases.
15. Albino and Varieties.
16. Hybrids. (Any authenticated records, with description of resulting birds and details of fertility.)
17. Behaviour in captivity—Breeding records.—Length of Life.—Tameness.—Food.—Any other details of avicultural interest.
18. The Chase—Wildfowling—Capture in nets, etc.
19. Culinary value—Recipes.
20. Quotation (Entertaining or interesting passages in literature which refer to the species).

There will be a number of subjects applicable to all geese—such as palaeontology, psychology, classification, etc., which will be dealt with separately in an introduction. The division of the book into volumes depends on the classification to be used and this is a subject upon which systematists seem to differ more often than they agree. To me, it seems of no very great significance whether one bird is accepted as specifically or only sub-specifically distinct from another, provided that the underlying truth of how different the two may be from each other will be known and recorded. The artificial line which decides whether they should have two of their Latin names in common, or only one, is then a matter of convenience and almost of personal taste.

As so much work remains to be done it is likely that much more evidence will come to light which bears upon the number of recognised geographical races and how they should be classified, and also on the affinities of birds which have hitherto been regarded as generically distinct, such as the emperor goose of Alaska, the swan goose of China, the bar-headed goose of India and the ne-ne of Hawaii.

The work of compiling the book will be largely that of an editor and will require a great deal of co-operation from naturalists and sportsmen all over the world if it is to be, as I plan it to be, not only the last word on its subject but also the last word in monographs. Copious data of many kinds will be required, which may fall under the headings described above, or under some heading which has been overlooked. Good quality photographs of wild geese or swans (preferably not smaller than 10 ins. by 8 ins. and on glossy paper for best results in reproduction) will be most welcome. Indeed, this might well be regarded as a challenge to enthusiastic goose addicts in this country. Under the blue skies of California and Louisiana many remarkable photographs of the North American geese have been taken—and snow geese in particular, being white, photograph exceptionally well.

I have not been able to find any photographs of European geese in the wild state which begin to compare with those taken in the United States, and yet I feel confident that opportunities do occur—indeed, it seems more than possible that admirable pictures al-



WHITE-FRONTS IN A RED SKY

Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott, whose fine studies of wildfowl are well known from his two books *Wild Flight* and *Morning Chorus*, both published by COUNTRY LIFE, has just concluded a highly successful exhibition of his work at Ackermann's, Old Bond Street, W.1. This picture and those on the following page were shown there



PINK-FEET IN THE GREEN MARSHES

ready exist and that I have not yet been fortunate enough to find them. Among the 2,000 photographs which I have so far collected our own British geese (and swans) are very poorly represented. But, as I have said, it will be two years at least before even the first volume of the book goes to press, so it is to be hoped that that unfortunate state of affairs may by then have been remedied. Well over 1,000 photographs will, I hope, be included in the whole work.

Before the war, at my lighthouse on the Wash, I had collected a large flock of tame wild

geese, including all but one (the ne-ne or Hawaiian goose) of the species of true geese and most of the southern hemisphere ones as well.

Such, then, is an outline of this proposed new book, which will be published in England by COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street,

London. It is my object that, when completed, it should delight not only the scientific ornithologist and the wildfowler, but also the artist and the lover of fine books.

PROSPICE

*W'HEKE: the hills of morning stand,
Where the winds of morning blow,
There lies the land.*

The land that I would know.

On alien earth I stand,

Beneath the cold, blue dome;

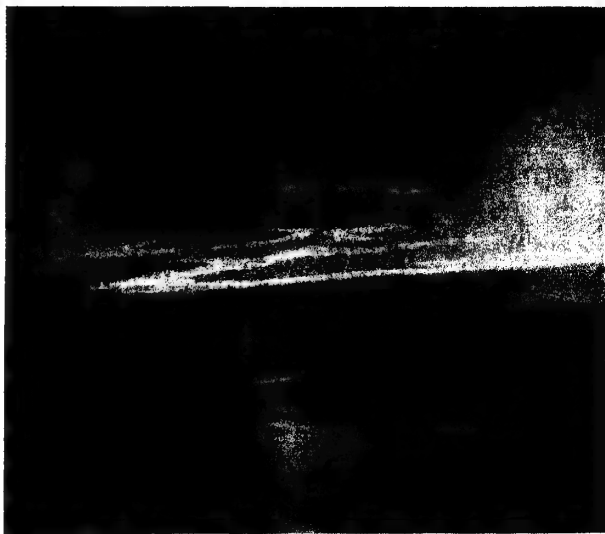
I shall come to that land

As a lost man finds his home.

ETHEL ASHTON EDWARDS.

geese which included all but one (the ne-ne or Hawaiian goose) of the species of true geese and most of the southern hemisphere ones as well. Such a project as this monograph thrives only in a suitable atmosphere and if it is to be continued I think an "anserine" atmosphere must once again be created. Alas, only a few odd birds remain of the 400 which were living at the lighthouse in 1939, so the collection must be started again almost from the beginning: and it may well be that the lighthouse is not the best place in which to start.

This restarting will mean trying to find hand-reared birds among what remains of the many fine collections in England before the war, capturing wild birds and importing birds from abroad as soon as shipping space permits. This, too, will require the co-operation of those who may be interested in the main project, for it is from the birds' behaviour in captivity that many details of little-known species often come to light—particularly such things as the



BRENT GEESSE ALONG THE OPEN SHORE

TEAM COLLECTING

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THere is an old friend of mine as to whom a story is told that, I must hasten to say, cannot be true. Still, as it is rather a pleasant one and comes put to my purpose I will tell it of the utmost caution. He had, some base slanderers allege, undertaken in an exuberant moment to bring down a team to play on a certain course. He was to be a wonderful team, sparkling with celebrated players, and his hosts were much impressed; they ransacked the countryside for miles around to produce a side of ten that should be worthy of the distinguished guests. The home side were all collected on the eve of the match when there came a telegram from the visiting captain couched in these words: "Arriving eight short."

That defeatist story has just come back into my head because I myself have once more promised to collect a side. For many years it was my pleasant task to take the Society side to play against Cambridge at Worlington in the Lent term. The last time I performed it was in March, 1899, and now after seven blank years I am hoping to do it again next term, to be precise on March 9, with myself, alas! in the dignified but too otiose capacity of "non-playing captain." It may be felt quite strange and absurd, though, that I have (tossing and turning) of arriving eight short. My fear rather is that more people will want to play than can possibly be accommodated, since University golf is still in rather an embryonic stage and cannot produce so big a side as it used to do.

Nevertheless there are inevitable anxieties in team-collecting, as everyone knows who has ever tried it. Till his whole side is present and correct on the ground the captain knows no peace of mind, if only because all matches, worthy of the name, include at least one round of foursomes and foursome demands even numbers. One single player who gets influenza at the last moment can sadly upset the best-laid plans. I cannot lay my hands on a spare and declare that I have never arrived one short and had to beg for a substitute. I certainly did so once because I remember that the substitute given me was Mr. Leonard Crawley, then in the early stages of his golfing career. With a prophetic instinct I chose him as my partner; he hit the ball metaphorically hundreds of miles and we won our match.

There is at any rate one small mercy for which the gatherer of a golf side ought to be thankful. It is one that may be indicated by the name of one of the Sherlock Holmes stories, *The Missing Three-quarter*. All he has to produce is a certain number of players more or less capable of hitting the ball, not so many drivers or iron players or putters. I have never, to the best of my knowledge, collected a cricket eleven, but it must be a terrible thing to realise on a sudden that one has a large number of batsmen but no single man to the side capable of getting the other side out and no one who can even by courtesy be called a wicket-keeper. Football must be at least as exacting. In a golf side the only problem once the players are there is to blend them to the best advantage as foursome partners, and that with a team of friends ought not to be prostrating.

When on that point I cannot refrain from remarking, even if a little irrelevantly, that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about captaincy in golf. Doubtless there are good and bad captains and the good ones have the power of keeping their side in the best of humours, of encouraging them and getting the best out of them; but is not that really about all? They cannot win a match by some stroke of inspiration or even of good fortune in putting the right bowler on at the right moment or by laying on for their opponent's weakness. Neither can they lose one by the missing of some heaven-sent opportunity. In short they have no chance of Machiavellian cunning. When Hagen was captain of the American Ryder Cup side it used to be insinuated in a never very clearly defined

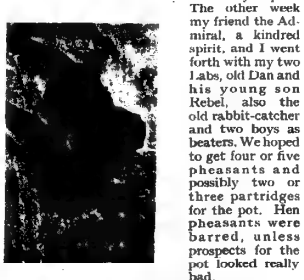
manner he would get the better of some poor innocent British captain on the other side. This meant easy writing of a dramatic and "intriguing" character but, in my belief, it was largely rubbish. Hagen was a very shrewd man, as capable as anyone of arranging his team in the most profitable order, possibly in making a good guess at the other side's order. More than that he could not do, nor can anyone else.

There are no doubt pitfalls, of a very obvious character, to be avoided. One Cambridge captain of years ago, filled up his team save for one important place and then set two poor wretches to play off for it. They played and they played and they halved and they halved till they could hardly tell whether they were on their heads or their heels. Then at the eleventh hour the captain gave it up as a bad job, put both of them into the side and turned out one man to whom he had already given his place.

When I was at Cambridge, in still more remote ages, there was a regular ritual every year as regards that last place in the side: the chosen two lunched solemnly, of all grim spots at Goldham Common, with the captain and the secretary, and were then led out, like ceremonial victims, to play a foursome. The one who played least badly got the place. My only claim to good captaincy is that when I held office I refused to be a party to any such cruel fatuity and made up my own mind, very likely wrong but as well as I could. Fortunately I shall be confronted with no such agonising problems on March 9.

A ROUGH SHOOT WITH REBEL

A LOT of fun can be had on a rough shoot but, to my mind, one should have a young dog to train, and possibly a steady, wise old stag to assist. This adds enormously to the day's sport.



The other week my friend the Admiral, a kindred spirit, and I went forth with my two Labs, old Dan and his young son Rebel, also the old rabbit-catcher and two boys as beaters. We hoped to get four or five pheasants and possibly two or three partridges for the pot. Hen pheasants were barred, unless prospects for the day looked really good.

I should explain that, although I have the shooting over about 1,300 acres, quite half of it consists of orchards enclosed by 4-ft. rabbit wire, with a strand of barbed wire above which is most awkward to negotiate. At the time of year of which I write, the few wild pheasants are all in the orchards feeding on the fallen fruit. Partridges, too, are to be found in the orchards, but it is hopeless to try to shoot among the fruit trees; you hear the birds get up, but rarely get a shot. Here and there, however, is a clearing planted with brussels sprouts, turnips and other greenstuff. Our plan was to spread out in the orchards and push the birds (if any) into the open patches of greens, making them believe that a perfect army of beaters was advancing.

The worst that can happen to me is that somebody should be false at the last moment and that I should have to play the part of "A.N. Other." Many years ago, when *Golf* had not yet become *Golf Illustrated* and appeared weekly in a red cover, it recorded an achievement which in the nature of things could never be beaten. A gentleman, whose name I have charitably forgotten, played in a team match and finished eighteen down. He took the mild amount of publicity that greeted him very much to heart and wrote to explain that he had only played as a substitute to fill a vacant place, that he had not got his own clubs, and that he had but recently recovered from a bad attack of influenza. Nothing quite so terrible can happen to me, since that was in the brutal old days of scoring by holes and to-day the most infamous can only lose his side a single point.

What I hope to do, if only the weather be reasonably clement, is to take up my position among the fir trees at the back of the fifth hole and mock at those bending every nerve and sinew first to get on to that slippery hog's-back green and secondly to lay their putts even moderately dead when they do. That will test them, and I, like Mr. Mantalini, shall "laugh demurely."

Meanwhile I have made a beginning. Even as I was writing this article a friend telephoned to me on another subject and I at once secured him for my side. Until then it consisted of two and now it is three, with two supernumeraries or camp-followers. I am coming to have a high opinion of my organising abilities.

nipped round to the far side and our army of three beaters advanced.

An experienced covey of partridges went out on the left and four clever cock pheasants and a ben fled out on the right, all out of shot. So that was that. "Why didn't you put me over there?" said the Admiral. Was it Albert Chevalier who sang, "What's the good of anyfink? Why nufink?" Anyway, we did see "sumfink." Staff work in guerrilla warfare can be a tricky business.

The next objective was a long, narrow strip of what was supposed to be rubarb, but which was mostly weeds which got gradually thicker at the far end and provided a nice bit of cover. We pursued the same tactics through the orchards, walking zig-zag to and fro and covering as much ground as possible. We stopped 30 yards short of the rubarb and weeds and I sent the Admiral round to head the strip, while I and the army advanced slowly.

Half-way along a hen pheasant got up and flew straight over the Admiral. Thinking it might be the only chance, I shrieked, "Shoot it." He shot it, and the next minute the air was full of pheasants. I didn't get a shot, but the Admiral got four cocks, plus the hen. Dan and Rebel got busy, but the birds were all dead and easy to find.

That was my Rebel a little later on, when I shot an old cock which got up out of some rushes by the river. He was a bit far, and though he fell in the water, he disappeared in the rushes on the far side, an obvious runner. Rebel had not seen the bird fall, as the rushes were over his head where we were walking. When I sent him across the river (about 15 yards) he at once clambered up the overhanging bank and disappeared over the high ground beyond, where there was a lot of thick brambles. I was sure that the bird was still by the edge of the river, but the dog could not know what he was doing. A few minutes he appeared on top of the high bank with his bird, swam across, and delivered to hand. A clever bit of work!

As we really did not want any more pheasants, we thought we would try some little partridge drives out of the orchards. A bit

optimistic, perhaps, with our three beaters, but I know the ways of my orchard partridges pretty well. For the first drive we had to stand among some gooseberry bushes and plum trees with our backs to high elms and a road. The Admiral got one and I got a brace in front of me. The Admiral's bird was a runner, but Rebel got it and Dan picked up mine. Then two more little drives, producing three more partridges, followed by lunch.

In the afternoon another friend came out, bringing four more boys, and we tried some partridge drives over the stable land in more ambitious scale. The birds would not go right, though, owing to our beaters' ignorance of flanking, and we only got four or five more. As

a grand finale our army of seven tried to drive an immense field of thick high kale. I knew there were some partridges in it, but they did not get up. We shot three or four more pheasants, though. One of them, a real runner, was caught in the kale by Rebel after a tremendous hunt. While Rebel was engaged in this, partridges got up all over the place, but the boy beaters were scattered about and one could not shoot.

Thus ended our very haphazard little day with a bag of ten pheasants, eleven partridges, a hare and two rabbits. But Rebel's two running cocks were what I thought of as I went to sleep that night. For, although barely two years old, he is rock steady to shot and fur and uses his

brains all the time. I am sure his old father is proud of him.

It is curious how a young dog will suddenly find himself. Rebel was disappointing in September, very self-willed and stubborn, and when hunting just pattered about at a trot. A nice quiet, old gentle dog, as he is named, has the intelligence of a high order shines in his eyes. Accustomed to old Dan's pace and thrust, I suppose I became impatient, although I tried not to show it. But now he is much faster and obviously uses his head. Perhaps next year I shall run him in a field trial, and I expect he will make some of the other dogs up. But alas! I, too, am becoming an old potter, perhaps Rebel suits himself to his master. C. H. K.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOME EARLY MOVING PICTURES

SIR,—What is the date of the first recorded "moving picture"? A recent "quiz" in a Sunday paper attributed to George Eliot the statement that she had been to see "a moving picture; the prettiest thing you ever saw." What was the subject, and was it anything like the specimen I have before me now?

This must be a pretty early specimen of the pre-photographic art of moving pictures. Its substantiated life-history traces it to the Paris Exhibition of 1854, where it was bought for the legendary figure of £150, by a hilarious gentleman farmer of Hampshire and brought home to delight, and perhaps pacify, the stay-at-home family!

This work of art looks at first sight like a gaily-hued oleograph in a massive gilt frame. It represents a river-scene, windmills, a red-roofed village with fishing boats on the left bank, right, a church with ruined tower and square open belfry; a water-mill in front, a stone bridge with boys playing, and under the bridge a group of women—we call them the W.I.—doing their washing in the river. People are fishing from a row-boat, a cow, sheep and goat are grazing in the foreground, and across the sky floats amazingly a balloon.

This is pretty exciting, but more follows. In the church-tower is a small clock, and it goes. Not only that, but at the hour and half-hour it plays tunes, *Toutes les diamans de la couronne, Givry la cornemuse finale, Valse la source de Kersbach*. I am sorry I do not know these airs, but that is what it says inside, in faded cramped writing. The tiny clock bells, oddly, the maker's name "Gearing, Baker Street London." ("La Tour" another name in a small drum at the rear.

Alas, the little clock has lost its pendulum, and "la musique" is silent. But that is not the worst. A turn of the wheel, and the whole picture comes to life. This ought, of course, to happen spontaneously with the striking of the clock.

The boat begins to rock sick-makingly; the cow tosses her head, the goat and sheep tug at the grass and snuff; the windmills turn round like mad; the water-wheel starts turning more slowly, the Women's Institute gets busy, and they all scrub and slap and shake their laundry, the while their chins are wagging away in the most realistic manner in the world.

Under the bridge a small aquatic bird flies into the stream. And across the bright blue sky proceed majestically, serenely, not one but three balloons, like planets. One bears the name "L'Oncle Tom" another has a French eagle blazoned on its side. They pass across and vanish in the frame one by one. This will go on for a quarter of an hour. It must have been rather a disturbing timepiece, one would think, when in full going order. Sometimes, when the humidity

is right, or, who knows? when put in motion by some ghostly hand out of the past, a gentle rustling and creaking attracts the attention, and one sees the picture doing its stuff all on its own.

The internal arrangement is like a spider's web, with catgut strings and silken threads, and primitive wooden pulleys. One wonders how many of such odd contraptions have survived still, the enquiring desire of youth to see "wheels go round" and later, the destruction of the blitz. A collection of them would have a historical interest for the future.

I remember street-pianos in my distant childhood that "did things" but was never allowed to shake a close study of them.

And lately I was intrigued to find on the bedroom mantelpiece in a Haverfordwest hotel a "cinema" of rather a different kind. This was on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, and operated with difficulty by turning a handle on top. One stole away when it stuck at the point where a group of mourners were gazing at his tombstone, and refrained from further experiment, but there was room for a "musique" also in the thick frame.

One also recalls "The Great Panorama" of "The Death of Nelson," a red-lacquered spectacle of Victorian youth. It can still recall the pride and grief that swelled in my very youthful bosom as Trafalgar was enacted lifelike before my eyes.—MARGOT S. BAKER, *Carlton House, Soberon, by Southampton.*

CRICKET: THE UNFINISHED GAME

SIR,—The resumption of big cricket being now in prospect I would raise once more the problem of the unfinished game. Play for the play's sake is enough for those in the field, but where games form part of a considerable connected series, spectators are entitled to expect a definite result in a given time, and this requirement is emphasised by the popularity of the knock-out type of tournament.

I write to suggest that in first-class matches results should be reckoned on finished innings—two, three or four.

The main objection to agreeing to decide if necessary on the first two innings is that the latter part of the game becomes visibly futile whenever



A SEAT FOR A SERVANT

See letter: A Flap Seat on a Bench-end

there is no reasonable prospect of completing all four; but if the simple device were adopted of doubling the first innings score of the side batting second, and reckoning their total for two innings until or unless they were either improved or worsened by their actual batting in a completed fourth innings, the position would be entirely altered. A third innings would at once become as vital as a fourth, with possible victory or defeat impending in every innings after the first. Obviously only two innings were completed no doubling would be needed, the game being decided on those first two.

Few first-class matches play to complete one innings for each side, but where they do so, or in one-day games, I suggest that a result is still obtainable if the first innings is completed and one further wicket has fallen. Let the result go by the score at the fall of the corresponding wickets. Say that, for instance, Side A has completed an innings and the match has been rained off when three wickets have fallen with Side B batting. Side B wins its match if its score when play stops exceeds that of Side A at the fall of the fourth wicket, or otherwise the scores at the fall of the third wickets decide it.

Any proposal of this kind will be faced with the objection that it modi-

fies the value of winning the toss and affects the "follow on" rule. That might in itself be no bad thing, or at any rate well worth while if it checked the barbarous custom of stone-walling for a miserable draw. We can think of very many games that such a rule would have revolutionarily improved.—P. CONWAY PLUMBE, *Windy Ways, Grassy Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent.*

A FLAP SEAT ON A BENCH-END

SIR,—In the church at Tintinhull, Somerset, is this quaint seat attached to a bench-end. It has been here for over 400 years.

The real object of fixing such a seat—it is known as a flap seat—was not so that it could be useful for a chance corner but strictly assigned to a servant of the occupants of the permanent pew. Sometimes a child would be allowed to use it. An entry in the accounts of St. Edmund's, Salisbury, dated 1685, says "Mr. Batten, widow, a flap seat to her own for servant Ed."—J. D. R. *Darlington, Durham.*

THE UFFINGTON WHITE HORSE

SIR,—Travellers on the G.W.R. Didcot-Swindon line have for the past few years missed that landmark of the Uffington White Horse—has been temporarily retired from British public life and from German air view under a bed of turf. Early in 1946 the Ministry of Works intends to restore him and the suggestion has been made that the completion of this work should be celebrated in some appropriate manner.

The periodical scourings of the White Horse used to provide a two-day programme of sports and a general junketing for the inhabitants of the Vale. The last of these festivals, or "pastimes" to give their local name, was held in 1887 and is fully described in *The Scouring of the White Horse* by Tom Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School-Days*.

Conditions have changed since those days. The motor has replaced the horse. Crowds at functions are far larger; and the first essential in organising any festival is to find within a short radius level ground clear of cultivation, accessible from a road and of sufficient area to hold all the vehicles expected. Unfortunately, owing to the great expansion of war-time cultivation, the neighbourhood no longer offers a suitable site; and it follows that the White Horse must once again be scourged in the presence of any public ceremony to mark his return.

Would-be visitors need not be deterred. They will find a small car park at the top of the road leading up to Uffington Castle, and within 200 yards of the Horse. The magnificent view well repays a visit.—SIR ARTHUR BAKER.

GUINEA-FOWL PARENTS

SIR,—We have a number of guinea-fowls here. Most of them live with hens, ducks and geese at some distance from the house, but one pair refuse to leave the immediate surroundings of the house, where the two birds feed with cranes, peafowl, silver pheasants, etc.

Guinea fowls are secretive about their nests, but I found the nest of this pair several times last season, and as usual after each removal of eggs, the nest was deserted and a fresh one started elsewhere. The last nest eluded me and the hen sat dutifully for the full period of 28 days. And now comes, to my mind, the interesting point—the cock had been assiduous throughout in escorting his lady every time she came out (about once in every two days) but during the last three days we never saw him at all until he came down complete with wife and seven chicks.

We ran them all into a coop (father leading the way and calling the chicks) and they settled down nicely, but father did all the brooding and mother sat by and watched very happily. Father made encouraging noises to the chicks, and it was to him and not to the hen that they ran.

It may say that so seldom we have guinea hatch on their own here—we usually bring them out under hens—and so have not studied their habits, but parents, closely though they are, notoriously bad. This pair appear to be absolutely model, and the fact seems to have been that mother, having laid the eggs and done the sitting, turns over the responsibility of the family to father.—A. C. GIBSON, *Glenarm, Rhu, Dumfriesshire.*

TREE SUPERSTITIONS

SIR,—The fig's mysterious way of bearing fruit without any obvious flowering would naturally excite suspicion; the flowers are, of course, inside the structure we call its fruit. In Sicily it is believed that Judas hanged himself on a fig tree, since when the tree has never flowered, and has become a plant of ill-omen, every leaf harbouring an evil spirit.

Other trees that have been credited with playing a part in the death of Judas are the tamarisk, Judas tree, and elder.

With us the tamarisk is so essentially a seaside hedge plant, or shrub, it would not suggest itself as at all a likely choice for anyone's suicide by hanging from it, but in the East it is an important tree, one species providing wood for building, fuel and the making of bowls, drinking cups, etc.

It is often infested with galls full of a bright red sap; this, though it is used for dyeing, might well have a sinister tradition. Some species, too, are characteristic of the stoppages, where their gaunt growth shows up in the general desolation in a way suggesting an unhappy past.

In Sicily it is believed that the European tamarisk was originally a large and beautiful tree, but since its misuse by Judas it has been degraded into a small, deformed shrub, not even capable of kindling a fire; the ghost of Judas, they say, haunts the shrub even now.

Perhaps the "manna," a sugary substance some tamarisks produce, reminded Eastern folk of the original manna, and in tamarisk a painful tradition has grown up round a charm-inx shrub.

Either, of course, has almost unlimited folk-lore attached to it: it was naturally credited with being the Judas tree, and is one of those supposed to have furnished the wood of the Cross.

It is possible that before reading became universal the often-told story of Judas in remorse going to "the Elders," might have connected the tree with his suicide.

Elders are generally found near the broken premises of old houses in the country; they were not only good



THE LAST BOWL-TURNER TO USE THE POLE LATHE

See later: Treemakers

for warding off witches, but had a practical use in keeping away flies; flowers and fruit have many uses, but it is considered extremely unlucky to use the wood as fuel.—A. MAYO, *Working, Sussex.*

DO BATS EAT DEATH-WATCH REETLES?

SIR,—Another lovely church roof from Suffolk, worth studying along with that of St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmunds (illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* recently), is the 15th-century double hammer-beam roof at Woolpit, not far from Bury. The wall-plates carry angels with outspread wings, and above each angel another figure occupies a canopied niche. Heam and spandrels, too, are richly carved.

A curious feature is the number of bats which nest in the roof. The Rector tells me that they are allowed to remain, despite the dirt they cause, as they help to keep the timbers free from the death-watch beetle. The roof certainly seems to be in splendid condition, but I had not heard of this "cure" before. Comments on the subject would be interesting, especially in view of the many church roofs afflicted with the death-watch beetle.—G. B. WOOD, 32, Micklegate Lane, *Reading, Leeds.*

THE TREEN-MAKERS

SIR,—Bucklebury Common, Newbury, Berkshire, where Mr. Wells makes, etc., with the aid of a pole lathe (*COUNTRY LIFE*, December 7), has



THE DOUBLE HAMMER-BEAM ROOF AT WOOLPIT

See later: Do Bats Eat Death-watch Beetles?

been noteworthy, for generations, for the manufacture of the wooden bowls known as treen, up to 24-ins. diameter, all of them turned from elm by the age-old method identified in your article.

In the trade's heyday ten families engaged in the craft at Bucklebury; their wood-ware furnished kitchen and dairy in the Kennet Valley below and in London as well. But the colony waged a losing fight with mechanical progress, and 30 years ago there was only one bowl-turner—and he single-handed: G. W. Lailey.

He told me at the time, there in his hut among heather and holly, that he was probably the last bowl-turner in the whole country dependent upon a pole lathe. He was in business still in 1939, and I should like to hear that the lathe, itself home-made, hums a tune to-day to the sighing of the pole, 17 ft. of alder, chosen for springiness.

George Lailey used to cut a series of four bowls from one rough block of elm—bowls so graded in size that they fitted together. His lathes also turned scales, even to base and standard, until new weights-and-measures law tipped the scales against old practice!

Bucklebury bowls were made to last: a life of 60 years is not unusual—a specimen in my household is "young" at 30 years. After tin and brass were introduced, and after the war, there was still a market for Bucklebury ware: it was bought for washing silver and mincing food; some bowls, moreover, were used by the Household of the Royal Mint; the majority, though, fulfilled a homely use—they displayed perfumed soaps in fashionable shops.

Now history rustles on the fringe of this narrative of metal ousting wood, of machinery capturing markets. Bucklebury was a scene of a series of machinery riots of the 1830s—the rioters, farm-hands, went from village to village wrecking and burning; some agitators were hanged, others were transported.

The pole lathe was to meet its match, the power lathe, years afterwards. Outside Bucklebury the pole survives chiefly in the beech wood about High Wycombe, where a handful of bodgers continue to use it for the turning of Windsor-chair legs.

One thing, however, has not altered—except to expand: Bucklebury has a mile-long avenue of oaks, in double rows, one planted c. 1716 in celebration of Marlborough's campaigns, the other in or after 1815 for Waterloo. Those oaks exhibit still, as in the days of the Georges, the constancy of timbered beauty. They symbolise an enduring British quality that we call hearts of oak.—A. G. CLARK, 23, *Parkside, Mill Hill, London, N.W.*

ALBINO SPARROWS

SIR,—I have had the pleasure of watching a party of albinos in my garden (who was, I am sure, polygamous!) but until this year I have never met an albino sparrow. Not long ago, however, my helper at the market garden where I was working, cried excitedly: "Come quickly, here's a white bird—no, two white birds!"

So there were, perched on the hedge, then fluttering along in a most tantalising manner, so causing us to rush up and down banks and neglect our work that a good deal of extra toil, mud and sweat were incurred before the day ended. However, we both saw these birds and were able to reassure each other that neither was "seeing things." We saw them, at intervals, for several days, and managed to get a close enough view to decide that they were either house sparrows or some very similar type (sparrow bill and size) and that one was almost pure white, but the other was as the shop-ladies say, "more of a beige," being white with creamy markings.

These two birds were in company with another sparrow in company; he seemed to go around with

them all the time and be on friendly terms. At one time the three of them spent a while exploring our compost heap, which is always frequented by hedge- and house-sparrows, blackbirds, robins and so on. None of the regular customers took any notice of the visitors, which seemed at variance with the usual tale of birds minding albinos.

—ELIZABETH CROSS, *Selsey, Sussex.*
[Both the blackbird and house-sparrow are prone to albinism, white or partly white specimens being by no means rare. The tendency seems to "run in families," for where one occurs others often appear. Polygamy in the blackbird is more exceptional; evidently our correspondent's bird was rather "a bad hat"!—Ed.]

are the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles). The title of the latter regiment perpetuates the name of Richard Cameron, a famous leader of the Covenanters, and this regiment still observes a number of Covenanter customs, including an annual Conventicle.—T. J. EDWARDS (Major), *Member of the Society for Army Historical Research, 20, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1*

THE NAMES OF COTSWOLD TILES

Sir,—I have lately been given the following list of names of different sized Cotswold tiles, and their respective lengths. Can any of your readers give the origin of the names, or say why the "Thirteens" are omitted (I had luck), and why "Whippets" take the place of "Tens"?

The workman who supplied the list had with him a measuring stick with the various lengths marked on it, with a star-shaped mark opposite "Muffin," but seemed able to sort out and stack the lengths required by eye, without recourse to the stick. He called the compilation of the list for me "a little bit of clerking."

Old tiles were fixed with single pegs of oak or chestnut, about 3 inches long. Now copper nails are used.

Name	Length ins.	Name	Length ins.
All Up	6½	Long Nine...	13
Short Cock		Short	
Middle Cock	7½	Whippet	13½
		Long	
Long Cock...	8	Short Eleven	15
Short Cutting	8½	Long Eleven	16
Long Cutting	9	Short	
		Twelve...	17
Muffin	9½	Long Twelve	18
Short Beck	10	Short	
		Fourteen	19
Middle Beck	10½	Long	
		Fourteen	20
Long Beck	11	Short	
		Fifteen	21
Short		Long	
Bachelor	11½	Fifteen	22
Long		Short	
Bachelor	12	Sixteen	23
Short Nine	12½	Long	
		Sixteen	24

—EDWARD F. GRAY, *Ripple Hall, Tewkesbury.*

THE BELL BIRD

Sir,—A correspondent wrote to you about a pheasant which dived through a train window. Well, here is a very similar incident. It was a fine

Autumn afternoon when suddenly a large bird, probably a pigeon, dived on to the drawing-room window. It had a small bell attached to its leg which jangled wherever it went. I think it must have escaped from captivity. The bird only cracked the window and then flew into a large beech tree. It soon left this, however, and we never saw it again.

The cause of its flying into the window might conceivably have been this: the sun was shining on the window and the bird was flying "into the sun."—C. W. PEARSON, *Joseph Harper House, Sherborne, Dorset.*

A GERMAN GATE

Sir,—While out riding near Verden in Germany, I came across this rather quaint gate carved in the shape of a cow's head.

I believe that these ornamented gates are not uncommon in Germany and I have seen photographs of a horse and a crocodile carved like this one, but this is the only actual example that I have seen. It is unfortunate that the huts, which appear to have been part of the branches of the main piece, are rotted and have been broken off. The local inhabitants say that this gate is about 20 to 30 years old.—B. A. BOYLAN, *462/86 Herby Yeo, Fd. Regt., A.A., S.W.1.*

[This idea might be adapted amusingly in connection with gates on some of our new National Trust properties.—Ed.]

THIS YEAR'S WASPS

Sir,—In this neighbourhood there were neither plums nor wasps. Sixteen miles east friends had both, as also had friends twenty miles north. It looks as though weather was the controlling factor in deciding whether we have wasps.—B. C. FOWLER, *Yvleaze, Bradford Abbas, Sherborne, Dorset.*

A NOVEL NEST

Sir,—I had a curious experience some years ago when writing from Scotland. I was motor-ing through Westmorland when we saw a hen sitting on a fence, which, as we came abreast of it, flew into the wind screen, laid an egg and retired into the further fence, looking dazed but none the worse. The egg broke on the wind screen.

This sounds unbelievable, but both my maid and chauffeur can testify to its having really happened.—Gwendolen GARGNER, *Lotherton Hall, Aberfeldy, Yorkshire.*

THE GAME OF SOLITAIRE

Sir,—I see in a recent issue that Lady Maline Graham has raised the question of history concerning the game of solitaire. I am more interested in the playing of the game and am wondering if any reader can enlarge on my knowledge of it.

To start with one removes the centre marble, and then in the same way as one plays draughts, jumps over and removes the marble jumped, carrying on, but never diagonally, until one has one marble left in the centre. This I can do one way only.



A COW'S HEAD ON A GATE

See letter: A German Gate

Does any reader know several ways, and is this the only game played on a solitary board?—B. PITTCUR, *c/o 50, West Hendford, Yeovil, Somerset.*

A NATIONAL MONUMENT OF HOLLAND

From Major Sir Edmund Malt.

Sir,—In the course of my duty I had occasion to visit de Steeg, near Arnhem, of paratroop fame, in Holland, soon after the liberation. I called on Capt Bentinck, who gave me the enclosed photograph of his great beech avenue, a national monument of Holland.



LOOKING ALONG COUNT BENTINCK'S GREAT AVENUE

See letter: A National Monument of Holland

There must be many of your readers who are as interested in trees as I am and who will wish to know how this famous avenue was treated by the Germans.

I quote Count Bentinck's description of the avenue: "The age of the avenue is not exactly known, but it is probably more than 200 years old and was planted by the Earl of Athlone soon after he rebuilt Middachten in 1697, after this had been destroyed by the French troops under Louis XIV. The Earl of Athlone was of course the Baron de Reede before he was honoured for his services in Ireland."

"The avenue—although over-ripe as beech trees are—was so long—was still very fine and was always cared for in the most scrupulous way, only ten dead trees being cut down, which during a storm might be blown down and endanger the



A BASUTO'S PRIDE: HIS BLANKET

See letter: A Basuto Picture

A BASUTO PICTURE

Sir,—I send you a picture of "young Hasutoland" to show you the beautiful blankets which are almost the sole article of clothing worn by the Basutos. Even those who have rank and wealth and education seem to prefer a gay blanket to an overcoat over their European clothing. On a recent visit to the country, on foot, I stayed with a chief whose blanket was the most magnificent I have ever seen, like the rising sun for splendour, in fact the design was the rising sun, done in black and gold and colours. All Basutos ride horses and my walking was a bit of a mystery to them. Two remarks made on the subject came to my ears. "He is a gentleman, why does he walk?" "Why is he travelling without blankets and without a horse?"—EDWARD MILLS, *28, Church Street, Woodstock, Cape Province, South Africa.*

THE COVENANTERS' REGIMENTS

Sir,—By way of a footnote to the interesting article *Covenanters' Conventicles, 1696-1645*, in *Coverley Life* of December 7, may I mention that two fine regiments were recruited from among the Covenanters in 1889: they

See letter: A National Monument of Holland

traffic; now after these centuries of care it has fallen a prey to Nazi revenge and bestiality!

"Although the avenue belonged to me it was under the protection of the government and celebrated even outside this country as one of Nature's natural monuments.

"I should be very much obliged if you would kindly give publicity to this case of vandalism." Bentinck's letter closes. —EDWARD W. MALET, 725 K. Mil. Gov. Det., B.A.O.H.

LONG LADDERS

SIR,—While out for a walk this morning I saw, lashed to the wall of a tall building, the longest non-extending one-piece wooden ladder I had ever seen. I was sufficiently interested to count the rungs. I made the number 72 the first time but confess

ture, which is considered Bronze Age work, it was necessary to effect protection of the piers from floods and floating baulks of loose timber. The boys lifted and placed against the piers nearly 80 great stones; this, during the late Summer and early Autumn, of Greato Vowles, Head Dredger, Hopton, Minchad, Somerset.

GREY SQUIRREL PEST

SIR,—Let me say in reference to the letter of Mr. Colin Forbes in your issue of September 21, 1945, about grey squirrels that I live in what might be called the very heart of the grey squirrel country and I have not known squirrels to eat up vegetable gardens except sweet corn (you call it maize). The squirrel has lots of crimes. He will strip the acorns off your oaks and take off small branches to get them, he will strip fruit trees and bushes and other trees as well, but I never knew him to attack a vegetable garden. The rabbits and woodchucks do that here for us.

Let me suggest that if our squirrels have become a pest, if you could get some of your social leaders to popularise their fur, which is warm and pretty, suggest some humane traps and persuade your fur dealers to buy pelts, the squirrels would soon disappear. Even with our vast woodlands, forty years ago, squirrels were getting scarce when their fur was popular. Now they are increasing again. —JAMES DUNCAN PHILLIPS, Rowley Bridge Road, Totfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

THE END OF A REBELLION

SIR,—In the little hamlet of Cade Street, near Iffleadfield, Sussex, stands this stone pillar to commemorate the spot where the leader of an insurrection in 1450 met his death.

It is near the end of a cottage garden and the inscription has become so weathered as to make it almost unreadable. That which is still discernible reads:

Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel JACK CADE by Alexander Iden Esq., Sheriff of Kent A.D. 1450. His body was carried to London and his head fixed on London Bridge.

Jack Cade, who also claimed the name of John Mortimer, headed an insurrection of Kentish men, defeated a royal host at Sevenoaks, and marched into London crying "Now is Mortimer Lord of London."

His triumph was short-lived. His

that my eyes became confused as my counting reached the top. On a recent I made it 71. Assuming it to be a 70-rung ladder, it would be interesting to learn whether other readers know of any longer ones in use. I should emphasise that my ladder seemed of perfectly normal construction: two wooden poles each apparently in one piece. It is, of course, in this and the ladder's capability of being moved from place to place as required that the interest lies. Much longer ladders of steel clamped to factory chimney stacks, and of the extendable variety associated with fire-engines, are common.—R. G. R., Farnborough, Kent.

FRUIT OF MALAYA

SIR,—The durian (described by a correspondent, December 7) has a most offensive putrid smell. An Englishman in Borneo once told me that when he ever he eats one, he does so in his bath! The delicious mangosteen is far more entitled to be called the "emperor of fruit." —P. G. TILLARD, Taunton, Somerset.

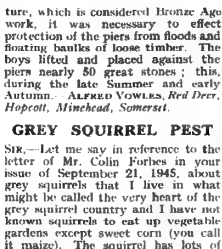
CHANGING NATURE

SIR,—While in Lydburst in the New Forest this Summer I came across quite a large number of sundew.—KATHLEEN THOMAS, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

[Other correspondents report the sundew on Dartmoor, in the Lake District and, 40 years ago, in the New Forest.—Ed.]

SCHOOLBOYS AND A BRIDGE

SIR, Enclosed is a view of Tarr Steps, Exmouth, showing the pupils of the Minchad Grammar School working on a scheme of protection. They, together with some scouts of the 1st (St. George's) Troop, Taunton, volunteered for this work, and went under canvas near the bridge. In view of the damage to this ancient struc-



SCHOOLBOYS AND SCOUTS PROTECT TARR STEPS

See letter: Schoolboys and a Bridge



EMPTY WOOD-APPLE CASES

See letter: Wild Elephants and Wood-apples

followers disbanded, Cado fled with a price on his head. It was at this spot near Iffleadfield where he met his death while resisting arrest, a spot which in later years was to become known as Cade Street, but the stone set up to commemorate the event is in such a poor condition that it is doubtful if many, other than local residents, know that it even exists.—F. J. EVANS, Rocks Farm, Staplecross, Sussex.

WILD ELEPHANTS AND WOOD-APPLES

SIR,—Among the forest fruits on which the Ceylon wild elephant feeds is the wood-apple, called also the elephant-apple. It is borne on a spiny tree (*Vernonia elephantum*), often in clusters, and is round, and about the size of a cricket ball. This fruit has a hard, woody shell, enclosing a mass of soft brownish pulp, which rural folks love to eat, relishing it the more when they mix it with bee-honey.

In my jungle rambles, I have often picked up these fruits which have fallen on the ground; and a good many of them, I noticed, were merely empty cases with a circular opening bored on the top, without the edible, mealy substance within. The villagers told me it was the work of wild elephants. They explained that the elephant, picking up the wood-apple with its trunk, swallowed it whole; and, when the apple was dropped in due course with its dung, what was found was only the hollow shell with the round hole through which the pulp had been drawn and completely assimilated.



lated by the digestive organs of the beast.

This looked an interesting theory, but I shook my head in doubt, for on several occasions I have watched captured elephants eating wood-apples, but never did they swallow the fruit whole. On the other hand, they crushed the fruit with their teeth (just as they did a coconut), and chewed it up before they swallowed it. Further, when I came across the fresh or dried droppings of elephants in the forest tracts in the vicinity of wood-apple trees in season, never did I find even pieces of the fruit-shell, let alone the completely-hollow shell-cases.

But in spite of my scepticism, I had a sneaking suspicion that the villager, who was generally well versed in forest lore, might be right. Though I did not tell him so, instead, I gave him my reasons (quoted above) for my disbelief, and also pointed out that the dimensions of the cavity of the elephant's pharynx would not allow of such a curious thing taking place, but a villager is a villager, and he persisted in his opinion, refusing to be convinced.

Since hearing this "empty wood-apple" story, and wondering what the most sensible and plausible explana-



COCKPIT OR LODGE?

See letter: At St. Donats

tion might be, I have now learnt that it is all due to a butterfly (*Vanessa atalanta*) which has its various larval stages in the wood-apple, on the pulp of which the caterpillar feeds, after boring the rounded opening. So, it would appear that the hole which the pulp apple shells one picks up from the ground in the jungle country have nothing to do with elephants—but insects! —V. O. SOMANATH, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

AT ST. DONATS

SIR, I am most interested in the old Cockpit at Woolavington and wonder if this little building in my photograph might not be a cockpit too? No one seems to know anything about my possible cockpit, which has now a pretty old cottage attached to it; it stands by the side of the road a mile from the hamlet of St. Donats in Glamorgan. I am told that it has at one time been used at shooting-parties by keepers and beaters for lunch in bad weather. No doubt the window had been added to make the usual second floor. The entrance to this "desirable property" is through an old archway doorway from the road.—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, Lanvint Major, Glamorgan.

[More likely a late 18th-century octagonal lodge. Some toll-houses were built on this plan.—Ed.]

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that the locust
bath eaten ..."

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NEW BOOKS

A HISTORY OF RACING

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

CAPTAIN R. C. LYLE, who was the racing correspondent of *The Times*, has not lived to see his book *Royal Newmarket* (Putnam, 35s.) come from the press. It was intended that the book should be published in 1940, but this was not possible. The book has now been revived and has a foreword by Mr. Adair Dighton.

The diarist Evelyn, as the author reminds us, has a lovely phrase describing some Arab race-horsey which he observed at Newmarket. "They trotted like dogs, as if they did not feel the ground." (This is comparable with Masefield's line describing a sailing ship in calm weather:

honour of being the scene of the first recorded horse-race in England. That was at Wetherby, in Yorkshire, in A.D. 210. "It is specifically recorded that the mounts taking part were Arabian." But at any rate it was at Newmarket Heath that the Iceni dwelt, who drove horses attached to scythed chariots and were a terror under Boadicea. The Iceni settlement was at Exning, and when this was stricken by plague "its market was removed to the adjoining village, where a new market was set up. Thus Newmarket receives its name."

The royal connection goes back a long way. Richard II is known to have raced on the Heath against the

ROYAL NEWMARKET. By Captain R. C. Lyle

(Putnam, 35s.)

THINGS ONE HEARS. By Robert Lynd

(Dent, 8s. 6d.)

LOWER DECK. By Lieutenant John Davies

(Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

NIGHTCAP AND PLUME. By George R. Freedy

(Hodder & Stoughton, 9s. 6d.)

Treading the quiet water like a fawn.) But there is more to racing than the speed and beauty of a particular horse. As Mr. Robert Lynd says (in a book of which I shall presently more fully speak): "It is only because our main interest is not in speed for its own sake, but in relative speed, that we continue to enjoy such things as horse-racing in an age of mechanical invention. After all, the swiftest Derby horses lollap along at about the same pace as a motorcar slowing down on its way through a built-up area. Yet they do not seem to be lollaping along. They sweep round Tattenham Corner like thunderbolts."

RELATIVE SPEED

This book of Captain Lyle's, then, is founded on the relative speed of horses; but it is not about horses only. The title is not *Newmarket* but *Royal Newmarket*, and round such a title, as you may well imagine, there is a cornucopia of amusing, entertaining and scandalous anecdote. All sorts of queer sidelights come into view when you start on such a survey. Who, for example, would expect to find that Britannia on our pennines was drawn from a Newmarket amazon? Yet it was so. The Duchess of Richmond, who "possessed quite extraordinary fame as a horsewoman," and who was "as lovely of figure as she was of face" (though smallpox later ravaged her beauty) was seen at Newmarket by the sculptor Rotter, who made a sketch "which became the basis of his design of the seated Britannia, which appears on the coinage to this day." It was said that "no one who had seen her Grace could mistake who had set for Britannia." Newmarket cannot claim the

Earl of Arundel, "owners up." But it was James I who put the place "on the map." Horse-racing had been more popular in Scotland than in England, and when James came south he and his Scottish nobles made Newmarket the centre of their sport. Racing was not the only attraction. There were, too, "hawking, coursing, cock-fighting and taking dotterels, when those little plovvers were on passage in early May."

From then on, Newmarket has been more or less the "metropolis" of horse-racing and training. There were often high words and high deeds between the new-come Scottish nobles and the English, and Captain Lyle records an occasion when a Scot struck Philip Herbert with a riding rod. It looked as though a national quarrel would blow up, but King James, who was present, cooled down the English tempers by creating Herbert a knight, a baron, a viscount and an earl on the spot—surely the swiftest ascent ever recorded through the pages of Dehret! "Whereby," said a chronicler, "it is probable a tumult was avoided."

CROMWELL'S HORSES

When Cromwell became Protector, Newmarket suffered, but horse breeding did not; and at the Restoration an order was issued for the seizure of Cromwell's horses, "said to be the best in England, to be carried to the Mews for the service of his Majesty."

In a series of vivid chapters Captain Lyle shows us the renewed and raffish glory of Newmarket under Charles II and his brazen friends Buckingham and Rochester. It was a hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-gambling and lecherous resort. Queen

Anne, too, was a great supporter of the Turf, though, in her reign, Newmarket lost its virtual monopoly.

The story is brought right up to our own day: a story of royal patronage, great owners, great trainers and great horses. Which was the most famous race-horse the world has known? Captain Lyle thinks Eclipse, bred by the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III. "English racing to-day," he says, "dates itself from Eclipse, and the day on which he was foaled is the day of all days in the history of the thoroughbred. . . . He was never beaten. . . . At the stud he gained his greatest reputation, and immortality. The male line descendants of Eclipse are still the greatest aggregate winners on the race courses of the world."

FINE ESSAYS

Mr. Robert Lynd's book to which I have referred is called *Things Our Hears* (Dent, 8s. 6d.). As one expects from "Y. Y.," this is a collection of essays, and if there is a better what I may call "essayist in general practice" than "Y. Y.," I have yet to meet him. Occasionally, some man of letters who does not use the essay as his normal medium may spend a long time on elaborating an essay that is superb, but "Y. Y." is in constant operation, typified by a weekly "going to press": from time to time, as in this volume, he gives us the cream of his weekly work; and when the moment comes for going through all the volumes and giving us the best of each, then, I imagine, that book will have an indisputable place among the work of the great British essayists.

On the back of a book which lies before me now on my desk, I see that a reviewer has praised a novel in these words: "Very much a contemporary novel, with values that belong to to-day and not, as is so often the case, to the world of a generation ago." This seems to me to be a misunderstanding of the meaning of the word "values." Values do not change from generation to generation: they are the standard against which the varying conduct of each generation must be judged; and a novelist or essayist or dramatist whose values are right will have given us something worth having, wherever in historic time he may place his action; while a mere presentation of contemporary chaos is not necessarily worth having.

Now, what strikes me about "Y. Y." is that, almost always, his values are right. I don't mean that he is consciously a moralist, though every man of right values is a moralist in the long run. He is never out to preach, any more than a linnet on a thistle or a dew-drop on a grass-blade, but, like these two, he has infinite power of refreshment. He joys in things that are small but never trivial; his scope, in the particular, may be Lilliputian, but in the general it is right and sane and therefore, to say the least, sizeable. He writes here of the lovely familiar birds that may be neglected by those in pursuit of the rare and spectacular; and this is a point that one could well stress in relation to his own shy attractive expression of value.

A GUN CREW'S STORY

Lieutenant John Davies, R.N.V.R., has been awarded Messrs. Macmillan's £800 "Centenary Prize" for the best work of general literature submitted. It is called *Lower Deck* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) and is an account of the author's experiences as a rating in a destroyer in the Mediterranean.

He was a member of a gun-crew, and, though we feel a good deal of the general pulse of the ship, the story is essentially that of the handful of men who made up the crew. Some were "regulars," some "hostilities only." They were a rough-and-ready, often blasphemous, always vigorous-spoken collection, freely using in quiet times the British sailor's prerogative of grossing, utterly devoted to the ship and to the matter in hand when the stress of action comes.

Seeing that the time under consideration is 1942 and that the ship's normal "beat" was from Malta to Alexandria, there was action in plenty, and the book ends with the going down of the ship. It is the sort of story that could be told of many destroyers if there were anyone to tell it. Fortunately for *Skye*, she had this writer aboard: his narrative may stand for many others; his dedication is not only to the members of his own gun-crew but "to all the others who possessed little in this world except loyalty, generosity and magnificent courage." A generous dedication; and the whole book is a generous tribute to war.

GUSTAV OF SWEDEN

George R. Preedy's novel *Night-cap and Plume* (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) is the story of Gustav III of Sweden from the time of his accession, through the revolution which cast aside the reactionary parties in the country, through the struggle which ensured the freedom of Sweden from the designs of Russia, up to the time of Gustav's assassination.

Gustav was a brilliant man, the greatest royal patron and practitioner of the arts that Europe has known. He was of unusual personal beauty. The story of his struggle for Sweden is a fascinating one, and George R. Preedy has given us all its surface colour and movement as well as the deep political implications. Had the author realised that a comma does not perform the function of a full-stop, the reading would have been pleasanter. The book abounds in sentences like this: "Gustaf tried to turn his thoughts, he had great concerns of his own to deal with, this stranger, that now, a man coming to tell him he knew this most perilous secret, the lives of all his friends hung by a hair."

POEMS OF ENGLAND

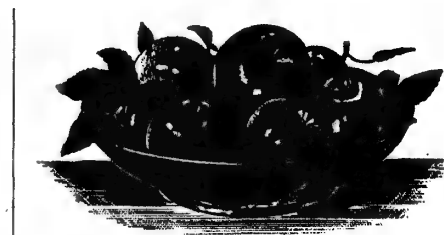
A DEEP love of England (not of Britain or London or Empire; but England) runs through nearly all the *Sixty Lyrics And One* (Muller, 7s. 6d.) now collected by Eric Chapman. The country habit has him by the heart; and, for him, "transient local things take on infinity" in lyrics passionately felt. Although he uses traditional forms he does so with constantly fresh craftsmanship springing from a pure sincerity in his thought. His poem *Village*, for instance, is a simple statement of a number of trivial, familiar facts of village life; yet it links up with all the rest of what the English know as England.

Another moving poem ends thus: "Weary I was, yet heard with heart of grace

Those local syllables in that lone place
My heart cried out to darling mead and stead

"These names are England," and was comforted.

The poems *By-Pass*, *Trees*, *Mr. Bond* and *A Young Plantation* also deserve special mention. Mr. Chapman's muse may falter now and then in dealing with other subjects; never when his theme is England.

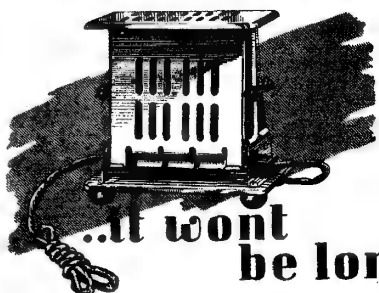


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for 1946

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FARMING NOTES

BACK TO THE FARM

OF the 10,000 Servicemen who are to be released for agricultural work under the new block release system, 6,700 will come out of the Army, 2,200 out of the Air Force, and 1,100 out of the Navy. This allocation no doubt reflects the proportion in which farm-workers and farmers sons joined the three Services. The Army does not require the specialised knowledge of mathematics and other book learning that the R.A.F. expects in new recruits. It is understandable that the practically minded farm-worker, who left school at 14, should have gone into the Army. Those who were selected for the Services by the War Agricultural Committees were not considered key men in agriculture, at any rate on the particular farms where they worked. Some of them were milkers, it is true, but there was a time when girls were going into the Women's Land Army so fast that the Committees were instructed to send milkers into the Services because they could be replaced by W.L.A. members. Now the W.L.A. is shrinking in numbers. Many of the most experienced girls who have been working as milkers through the war are now going back to their civilian jobs as shop assistants, dressmakers, manicurists, and so on. They can be replaced only by the young men who they replaced. In deciding on the men who should be released under this block scheme, priority should certainly be given to milkers and stockmen. I doubt, myself, whether 10,000 will be nearly enough to meet the needs of the dairying industry. Where two milkers were employed before the war, three are now needed if regular time off is to be given at the week-ends. This is an essential consideration in planning the future staffing of the dairy industry. Men will not willingly work seven days a week when there are other jobs open to them that give them Saturday afternoons and Sundays to themselves. Who will blame them?

Farewell to Italians

ITALIAN prisoners are joyfully hoping to leave us in the course of the next few weeks and many farmers will be sorry to say good-bye to the men who have been billeted with them and who have worked in well with the rest of the team. The Italian peasant may not be so well disciplined as the German, but he readily falls in with what others are doing, and, treated fairly, he earns his keep. He does not like our climate and he chatters a good deal when he gets a chance, but there are many farms that would not have produced as much food as they have in the last year or two without the help of Italian prisoners. Now we are told that some Germans will be allowed to come out individually on to farms to take the place of the Italians who have been working regularly as milkers and stockmen. In the 1914-1918 war some of the southern Germans who worked on farms close to the camps earned a good reputation for themselves, and, in spite of the Nazi regimentation which afflicted the modern generation of Germans, I hope we shall get some useful men sent to us. For how long can we count on their services? Mr. Tom Williams has assured us that the German prisoners will be here to see us through the 1946 harvest. I cannot see yet the source from which we shall get English workers in large enough numbers to enable us to carry on food production full pace after that. We shall get 10,000 or possibly 20,000 men from the Services and we shall be glad to see them, but British agriculture needs 100,000 new recruits before we can dispense with the prisoners-of-war.

The Real Wage

ON January 2 the Agricultural Wages Board is due to meet again to consider the claims of the workers' unions that the minimum wage for men should be 24 10s. a week instead of the present 23 10s. No doubt the chairman and independent members have used the weeks since the case was presented to make a first attempt to assess the real income of farm-workers. This must be the yardstick in comparing farm wages with town wages. If a cottage is worth 10s. a week, against the 3s. a week which many farmers charge their men, or no rent at all, and no rates are paid, this is a consideration that has value. The same applies to the perquisites that usually go with a farm job. In my view we shall never get rid of the inferiority complex that surrounds farm labour in ignorant minds until farm-workers' earnings are put entirely on a cash basis. Nor, indeed, shall we attract the fresh blood we need from the Services and town life until this is done.

Branding Reactors

A QUESTION that came up at a Farmers' Trust has made me think. The question was: "Does the Brains Trust consider that the best way of cleaning up our herds would be to require that all cows that run to the test should be branded so that buyers in the market could identify animals which have failed to pass the test?" The test was presumably the tuberculin test. Freedom from contagious abortion is no less important, but that is by the way. I do not think that the mere branding of reactors would carry us far on the road to a clean bill of health. What we must do is to start in a district with a group of attested farms, put a ring round them, and require neighbouring farms to join in to clean up their herds with some financial assistance if necessary. Once clean areas have been established the churned circle can be extended until large areas are clear. There is no great hardship involved in compulsory measures on these lines, and milk from attested herds earns a premium of 4d. a gallon.

Bonus for Butterfat

THERE is another form of bonus for quality production which I want to see pushed forward. At the present time some owners of Jersey and Guernsey herds are able to get an additional 3d. or 4d. a gallon for their milk. This, if they are also attested, gives them up to 8d. a gallon extra for the high-quality milk they are producing. They do not seem to be a definite merit percentage set as qualification for this bonus on Channel Island milk. I suspect that rich colour as well as cream is a consideration. If the bonus were given entirely on high butterfat then some of our Ayrshire friends would qualify, too. I know that in the United States and Canada differential payments are made generally on a butterfat basis. The standard in some areas is 3.4 per cent. butterfat and in other areas 3.5. Milk that tests above these standards earns an additional price and milk falling below suffers a deduction. On the other side of the Atlantic the housewife is particularly particular about the quality of the milk she buys. A high butterfat content is a good selling point. The day when again in a country where we shall be selling the housewife to buy more liquid milk. We should be preparing for that day now.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

AN UNPRECEDENTED PERIOD 1945

IN vain may the records of dealings in real estate be examined, or the recollections of those who have for years studied every aspect of the market be consulted, nothing reveals any record of a period quite comparable with the twelve months now closing. The aggregate realisations of town and country property are nearly three times what they amounted to in 1944, yet only a strongly qualified satisfaction is felt by the majority of buyers, and too many of the vendors, being the victims of forced sales, feel no satisfaction at all. Taxation on the current or reputed yield from real property has remained at an oppressively high level, and Death Duties have continued to compel executors to throw all sorts of freeholds and leaseholds into the market. For thousands of individual and corporate holders 1945 has meant no more than one additional year of undoubted and unmerited deprivation of income, and, as hundreds of complaints that have come to our knowledge indicate, some of those who have derived no income in rents throughout the year have had to find money to defray legal and other liabilities in respect of what they nominally hold. Millions of pounds' worth of property remained sterilised either as vacant sites or as structures too much damaged to be tenable. A vast quantity of property of all descriptions is still under the stranglehold of requisition, and owners who cannot get any information as to when it is likely to be freed are aware that much of it seems to be serving no public purpose whatever.

"DEFENCE" REGULATIONS

PERFECTLY natural and legitimate schemes to grapple with business problems have been illustrated by new enactments, some of which, though the war in Europe and that in the Far East have been over many months, are dubbed Defence Regulations. Against what? The so-called "Defence"? Property owners may be excused if, seeing some of the enactments and, yet more, some of the suggestions for enactments, they regard them as a defence of those who are prepared to curtail or abolish every property right. On such a scheme, the proposal to control the selling price of houses, underwent such destructive criticism that it was quietly dropped, and practical difficulties of another kind, namely, regulation of the rents of furnished accommodation, are hardly yet evident, but they are fundamental, and will probably add to the burden of the overworked County Court Judges and the Lords Justices of the Court of Appeal. Beyond doubt there have been innumerable instances of gross exorbitance in the demands for houses for sale, and in the rents extorted for furnished accommodation, but it is hardly possible to prevent this sort of profiteering without hitting honest and reasonable people.

FIXITY OF TENURE

NONE will question the need for more house-room, but it is a moot point whether the new prohibition of the adaptation of private residences and houses as offices will do much to increase the available volume, while it will tend to prevent persons who want to carry on a business or profession from doing so. Even the enterprise of large firms in buying a whole block of premises is encouraging certain agitators who urge that persons who happen to have a short tenancy of some small part of such a block ought to enjoy fixity of tenure. Happily, as far as can be gathered, this notion is

approval in official quarters. A considerable degree of fixity of tenure is created under the Rent Restrictions Acts, and very harshly it presses on property owners. Under the war-time enlargement of the farmer's rights of occupation, the rent-restricted tenure of ordinary urban premises has little to recommend it, except from the standpoint of only one party to the contract, and that not the one who bears the burdens of repairs and taxation, and third-party risks. The year has seen a limited concession as regards petrol and tyres, and the purchase of new motor cars, so doing something to help owners and tenants of country houses, and liberty to spend money on repairs is likely to be fully restored early in 1946. Very many of the price particulars of property that has been sold contain a note that the vendor has granted a reduction, in some cases as much as £500, towards the cost of repairs. During the whole of the year the trend of prices of rural freeholds has been upward, especially since the menace of bombing ended. The demand for houses in from an acre up to 25 acres has steadily improved, and if that for smaller sites has not been so active it is more for want of opportunities of buying them than anything else, as the tenants know when they have got a good proposition. Farms of all sizes, from 50 acres up to almost 1,000, seldom fail to reach reserves under the hammer, and it is significant how many wars of attrition have been so soon as tenancies were seen to be an impediment to dealing.

LARGE PURCHASES OF LAND

THE year has been noteworthy for the acquisition of large areas of agricultural and corporate bodies. The Duchy of Lancaster and the Duchy of Cornwall both added to their already extensive holdings, and charitable trusts and other companies showed practical recognition of the investment value of land. The pressure of death duties has brought many thousands of acres into the market, and family tenures of long duration have ended.

NEW FACTORS

CONSIDERATION of the foregoing glance at the governing conditions of the market for realty should suffice to convince anyone that the time-honoured treatment of any review of a year's work no longer meets the needs of the present. The equilibrium between buying and selling was mainly a matter of ways and means, the vendors were mostly acting voluntarily, and the buyers, save for a short time in the "boom" period after the first world war, could wait their time for bargains. In the case of farms the prices were often very low, like those obtainable for the produce, or the wages of the farm-hands. The valuation of realty was not complicated by considering a tithe of the now prevalent factors. Agents who could be said to have arranged a good round turnover needed only to state it more or less approximately. Owners were not worried by regulations and restrictions, and the first principles of ownership and tenancy as it had developed throughout a century or more were taken for granted. The position was not until after the first world war that much was said about the comparative merits of land and other property. The opinions advanced about that point remain true to-day in so far as the essential attributes of real estate, and the higher net yield of real estate compared with many other types of investment, slight though the difference may be, is a feature appreciated by investors large

A. STEER.



Painted by F. E. Jackson, A.R.A.

JOSEPH RUSSELL is typical of the skilled workers in metal for which his native city of Birmingham is famous the world over. He is 52. At the age of 12 he was apprenticed as a machine-tool maker, but changed over at 17 to his father's calling of brass-casting. This is the process by which copper and zinc are melted together and the alloy cast into ingots, which in turn are rolled into strips and sheets. When Mr. Russell started, 37 years ago, it was still a 'craft', involving the knowledge of a number of closely guarded secrets. Only expert craftsmen could cast good ingots and they were able to earn high wages. Melting was done in crucibles over coke fires, known as 'pit furnaces', and the pouring of the molten metal was controlled by hand. Not only was the work hard, hot and unhealthy, but the quality of the brass depended solely on the skill of the caster, who decided when the metal in the crucible was ready for casting by the vibration in the stirrer. Today casting has been transformed. The bulk of brass and other copper alloys is made in electric furnaces, in which the metal is melted by the passage of a high voltage current. These are operated by one man, and the quality of the final product rests now not entirely on his skill, but on scientific instruments as well. The preparation of the moulds requires considerable experience. By virtue of his experience Mr. Russell has visited a number of works in Great Britain and even South Africa, to teach others. In peace time the sheets and strip made from the ingots cast by Mr. Russell may become the radiator of your car, the eyelets for your shoes or your lipstick holder. In war they are used for shell and cartridge cases and many other products. Many thousands of rounds fired in the Battle of Britain were produced from metal cast by Mr. Russell.



GAYER HOUSECOATS



Ruby red housecoat a fabulous pure silk satin
The White House

Right—
Plaid woollen turquoise
and cinnamon fringed
pockets gold kid belt and
gold buttons Debenham
and Freebody

★

Below—
Amethyst moire with
moulded bodice gathers
below the pockets and a
wide hemline



HOUSECOATS are plainly cut in the brilliant colours of a Matisse—indigo blue scarlet turquoise lemon tawny browns violet. The button through style prevails in the absence of zips and the coats are slender in outline though a few billowing skirts are beginning to appear on the scene with the new woollens and the nylon taffetas. Rayon taffeta housecoat-cum dinner dresses with garlands of mixed flowers making horizontal bars of colour on primrose and apple green grounds were shown in the first collections for 1946. They looked very post war when they rustled into the showroom. The White House are showing pure silk moirés velvets and satins in jewel colours plain cut to show off the beauty of textures and colour but definitely dinner dresses as well as housecoats. Fine woollens in Paisley patterns with long full sleeves and wide skirts a mass of lump folds are equally fascinating. Fortnum and Mason offer velvet and fine wool—the velvet makes the plain cross over top and facing for the three-quarter sleeve the wool the rest. Debenham and Freebody's housecoats in dove grey wool suiting have great chic with their wide gored skirts and three-quarter sleeves deeply cuffed



with violet or emerald green velvet. Double breasted thick fleecy woollens are piped with a bright contrast flame on green cherry on deep blue with buttons picking up the bright colour again most effectively.

Women are adding deep shaped sequined belts to the silk housecoats to dress them up and making sheepskin boots and slippers knitted socks on felt wedge soles to wear with thick wool housecoats. The wool is pleated fully on to a tight plain bodice that buttons to the waist the bodice lined and faced with a scrap of old satin. They look medieval with their bunched skirts and plain tops. Plaid housecoats in thin firm woollens are simply tailored with fancy buttons and belts. Scotch tartans are being made up for the children buttoning right to the ground like their mamas. Fortnum and Mason are showing adorable quilted satin dressing gowns for babies in white and pastel colours.

NIGHTGOWNS are frilled and frivolous looking with the frills placed like those on the pinafore children in a Victorian story book projecting over the deep armholes. Necklines are low and square. The other main style for nightgowns shows the gathered Empire bodice



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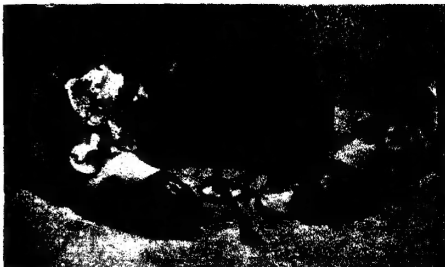
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that is so becoming, with the closely fitting bias skirt below. In some of the newest designs for Spring, carried out in one of the fine soft nylon fabrics, a gathered pale pink vest is placed in the centre of a pale blue nightgown which has a gauged bodice, narrow shoulder straps and is cut low in front. Marshall and Snelgrove are showing nylon nightgowns, frilled and gathered, very fresh and crisp looking, also white French nylon knickers, cut on the cross, and slips with fine hand-made rolled edges and a minute rolled bow for a finish.

Elizabeth Arden are making brief pants, mostly needlerun lace, ecru coloured, encrusted on to a waist yoke of peach georgette. Nightgowns are similarly luxurious-looking with real lace crossover tops. They make a speciality, too, of hand-knitted bed jackets in elaborate lace patterns, or tailored and ribbed like a sports sweater and lined with silk. At Arden's, you can find the newest thing in plastic sponges—tinted eau-de-nil and peach—that look exactly like

Rayon georgette nightgown, peach coloured, with a drawstring neckline. Walpoles.

House socks in white knitting with scarlet felt toe cap and soles and peasant embroidery. Quilted plastic sponge bag. Elizabeth Arden.

large marshmallows when they are swollen out in the water. We have photographed one of their smart plastic sponge bags. Bed jackets for small girls match their mama's in looped wool or quilted silk. Walpoles show them. The quilted jackets they will make up to order in their own workrooms. Lydia Moss show charming tailored housecoats in powder blue wool and lay a blackberry grosgrain ribbon all down the front and on the bottom of the three-quarter sleeves. They carry on the two-colour effects in their lingerie, piping filmy pastel chiffon cami-knickers and nightgowns with dark, incisive contrasts.

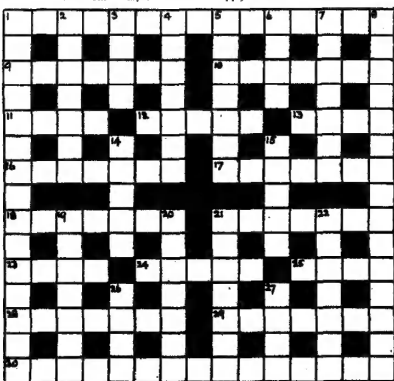
Blouses are tucked and frilled, given crisp bows on mitred pockets, Edwardian neckbands and detachable frilled vests and jabots, floppy, artists' bows. A Morley blouse has a front composed of two lozenges edged with narrow ruffles. The front pouches over the skirt giving the effect of a bolero. A long-sleeved marocain fastens at the back and has a rolled edge to the round close neck. The blouse is full, the material chalk white and matt. Striped cotton poplin shirts look fresh and Springlike with Peter Pan stiffened collars and bows piped on the cross. Cotton poplins in plain colours are frilled in front, or the frills edge the bottom of a shoulder yoke and Peter Pan collars. Miss Lucy makes adorable ruffled pin-dotted chiffon and georgette blouses, navy and white, and gauges them in a panel down the front. Many blouses are gathered on to a flat bib in front and tie at the throat with a neckband, Edwardian fashion.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

CROSSWORD No. 831

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 831, Country Life, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 4, 1946.

Note.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
Mr., Mrs., etc.

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 829. The winner of this Crossword, the class of which appeared in the issue of December 21, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Disclones; 8, Put on; 9, Short wave; 10, Ruler; 11, Stewed; 12, Taurum; 13, Eli; 14, Marryat; 17, Capelle; 19, Latens; 22, Inebred; 24, Lit; 25, Sips tea; 28, Account; 29, Otter; 30, Dripstone; 31, Ellen; 32, Resister; DOWN.—1, Deeds; 2, Sport; 3, Lottery; 4, Scarlet; 5, Sceptic; 6, Parnip; 7, Tolerable; 8, Nuremberg; 14, White stone; 15, Rose petal; 16, Anna; 18, Arc; 20, Enter on; 21, Slender; 22, Tails; 26, Eucates; 27, Mover; 29, Toss.

ACROSS.

1. "....., home from sea."
- R. L. Stevenson (4, 2, 3, 8)
9. Why make angry with fragrant gum? (7)
10. Peter (7)
11. Fetched from a rifle, it's clear (4)
12. I'm in the plan, which costs a penny uncoloured (8)
13. Joint (off the ration) (4)
16. Cleans out (7)
17. City of fine linen (7)
18. One woman in her time plays many parts (7)
21. A flower fruiting (7)
23. She's apparently the offspring of a Dane (4)
24. Drive, with the witch's familiar in the van (8)
25. Hygienic spot for a king to lose his baggage (4)
28. 12 perhaps (7)
29. Applause (7)
30. It's not only the Welshman who may address his country thus (4, 2, 2, 7)

DOWN.

1. "And so, my brother,"
2. You can time that of H. G. Wells (7)
3. London ones are by name courtly (4)
4. Lattic (7)
5. Coleridge called this poetry "natural to the reflective mind" (7)
6. Always cozy, sometimes triumphant (4)
7. His indicator, when driving, may be said to be L (7)
8. Thanksgiving, of course (9, 8)
14. On her eve, "the owl, for all his feathers, was a cold" (5)
15. Coal easy to remember (5)
19. Strain (7)
20. Token, perhaps of the foregoing (7)
21. What not to do till the bus stops (4, 3)
22. Enigma, I ! (anag.) (7)
26. Ban (4)
27. What the clue is, the definition is (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 829 is:

Mr. F. Hudd,
20 Athelstan Road,
Hastings,
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